

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
JAMES THOMSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND:  
CONTAINING,  
LIBERTY,  
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,  
AND  
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



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MDCCLXVIII.





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A  
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of  
Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

S HALL the great soul of NEWTON quit this  
earth,  
To mingle with his stars ; and every Muse,  
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight  
Of honours due to his illustrious name ?  
But what can man ?—Even now the sons of light, &  
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.  
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,

VOL. II.

A

Ethereal

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Ethereal flames ! ambitious, I aspire 10  
 In nature's general symphony to join.

AND what new wonders can ye show your guest !  
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil  
 Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,  
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence, 15  
 Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

HAVE ye not listen'd while he bound the Suns,  
 And Planets, to their spheres ! th' unequal task  
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd 20  
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd  
 The pride of schools, before their course was known  
 Full in its causes and effects to him,  
 All-piercing sage ! Who sat not down and dream'd  
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
 Of specious words, and tyranny of names ; 25  
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,  
 And with heroic Patience years on years  
 Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,  
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

WHAT were his raptures then ! how pure ! how  
 strong ! 30  
 And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,  
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys  
 In some small fray victorious ! when instead  
 Of shattered parcels of this earth usurp'd  
 By violence unmanly, and fore deeds 35  
 Of

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 3

Of cruelty and blood, nature herself  
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid  
 Her every latent glory to his view.

ALL intellectual eye, our solar round  
 First gazing thro', he, by the blended power 40  
 Of *Gravitation* and *Projection*, saw  
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
 From unassisted vision hid, the moons  
 To chear remoter planets numerous form'd,  
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen. 45  
 He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,  
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.  
 Her every motion clear-discerning, He 50  
 Adjusted to the mutual Main, and taught  
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells  
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
 And the full river turning : till again  
 The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55  
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

THEN breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
 Thro' the blue infinite ; and every star,  
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60  
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;  
 Or such as farther in successive skies



4      *To the* MEMORY *of*

To fancy shine alone, at his approach  
 Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each  
 Of an harmonious system : all combin'd,      65  
 And rul'd unerring by that single power,  
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O UNPROFUSE magnificence divine !  
 O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call  
 From a few causes such a scheme of things,      70  
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
 An universe compleat ! And O belov'd  
 Of Heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,  
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd  
 The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.      75

HE, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd  
 The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,  
 As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;  
 Till, to the forehead of our evening sky  
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,      80  
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

THE heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule  
 Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *spheres*,  
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.  
 The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain 85  
 To combat still with demonstration strong,  
 And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze  
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled

With



Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 5

With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,  
When NEWTON rose, our philosophic fun. 90

TH' aerial flow of Sound was known to him,  
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,  
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.  
Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,  
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95  
Even Light itself, which every thing displays,  
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;  
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,  
Collecting every ray into his kind, 100  
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
Of Parent-colours. First the flaming Red  
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny Orange next ;  
And next delicious Yellow ; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing Green: 105  
Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal skies,  
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,  
Emerg'd the deepened Indico, as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost :  
While the last gleamings of refracted light 110  
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.  
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow ;  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115  
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,

6      *To the* MEMORY *of*

And myriads still remain ; infinite source  
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new !

DID ever poet image aught so fair,  
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook !  
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends ! 121  
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare  
How just, how beauteous the *refractive law*.

THE noiseless tide of time, all bearing down 125  
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd  
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd  
His lights at equal distances, to guide      130  
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

BUT who can number up his labours ? who  
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few  
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought, 135  
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

WHAT wonder thence that his devotion swell'd  
Responsive to his knowledge ! For could he,  
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
The finish'd university of things,      140  
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,

For-

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 7

Forbear incessant to adore that Power  
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

SAY, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,  
Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145  
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends  
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,  
Oh speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,  
How greatly humble, how divinely good ;  
How firm establish'd on eternal truth ; 150  
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
And panting for perfection : far above.  
Those little cares, and visionary joys,  
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart 155  
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

AND you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights  
That reach impatient at immortal life,  
Against the prime endearing privilege 160  
Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul  
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes awhile,  
And then for ever lost in vacant air ? 165

BUT hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
Sound

Sound thro' the world--'Tis done--*The measure's full;*  
*And I resign my charge.*—Ye mouldering stones,  
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud 170  
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd  
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
 The worship name of hoar antiquity,  
 Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast  
 While NEWTON lifts his column to the skies, 175  
 Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop  
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,  
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,  
 And elegiac song. But NEWTON calls 180  
 For other notes of gratulation high,  
 That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds  
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
 And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O BRITAIN's boast! whether with angels thou 185  
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,  
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;  
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,  
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 190  
 And grateful adoration, for that light  
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,  
 From LIGHT *himself*; Oh look with pity down  
 On



Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

9

On human kind, a frail erroneous race !  
Exalt the spirit of a downward world ! 195  
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
And be her *Genius* call'd ! her studies raise,  
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.  
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,  
And glories in thy name ; she points thee out 200  
To a' her sons, and bids them eye thy star :  
While in expectance of the second life,  
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.



Britannia

# BRITANNIA.

A

## P O E M.

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—*Et tantas audetis tollere molles ?  
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.  
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.  
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :  
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,  
Sed mihi sorte datum.*—— VIRG.

**A**S on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,  
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,  
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:  
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,  
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew ;  
Loose

Loose flow'd her tresses ; rent her azure robe. 6  
 Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow  
 She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.  
 Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek ;  
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main. 10  
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd  
 Her dove-like wings. And war, tho' greatly rous'd,  
 Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen  
 Of nations spoke ; and what she said the muse  
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

Even not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,  
 Dawns on the sight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH\*,  
 A freight of future glory to my shore ;  
 Even not the flattering view of golden days,  
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20  
 Beneath the PARENTS, and their endless line  
 Thro' late-revolving time, can sooth my rage ;  
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares  
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain war  
 Despise my navies, and my merchants seize ; 25  
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam  
 The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,  
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine ;  
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.  
 Whence this unwonted patience ? this weak doubt ?  
 This tame beseeching of rejected peace ? 31  
 This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,

\* FREDERIC Prince of WALES, then lately arrived.



To generous *Britons* never known before ?  
 And fail'd my fleets for this ; on *Indian* tides  
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds ? 35  
 The mockery of war ! while hot disease,  
 And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crouds,  
 For action ardent ; and amid the deep,  
 Inglorious, sunk them in a wat'ry grave.  
 There now they lie beneath the rolling flood, 40  
 Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd ;  
 And back the drooping war-ship comes again,  
 Dispirited, and thin ; her sons asham'd  
 Thus idly to review their native shore ;  
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye, 45  
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,  
 The violated merchant comes along ;  
 That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale  
 He drew, and sweet beneath equator suns,  
 By lawless force detain'd ; a force that soon 50  
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,  
 Were once the *British* lion heard to roar.  
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,  
 In their own well-asserted element,  
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main ? 55  
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war  
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports  
 In smoky ruin ? and his guilty stores,  
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,  
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60  
 Or led the glittering prize into the *Thames* ?

THERE was a time (Oh let my languid sons  
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought !)  
 When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet, 64  
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring furge ; like a whole heaven  
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.  
 Gaily the splendid armament along  
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,  
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming Vast ;  
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the dream 70  
 Of easy conquest ; while their bloated war,  
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force  
 Of ages held in its capacious womb.  
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,  
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75  
 With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,  
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate  
 Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides ;  
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame ;  
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80  
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.  
 Then too from every promontory chill,  
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,  
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm. 84  
 Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,  
 The scatter'd remnants drove ; on the blind shelve,  
 And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,  
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main  
 Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

SUCH

SUCH were the dawns of my watery reign ; 90  
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,  
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful *Blake*  
 Aw'd angry nations with the *British* name,  
 Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,  
 Sustain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm. 95  
 Ah what must those immortal spirits think  
 Of your poor shifts ? Those for their country's good,  
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear  
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.  
 Ah how with indignation must they burn ? 100  
 (If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)  
 With shame ? with grief ? to see their feeble sons  
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,  
 For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,  
 And their veins bled thro' many a toiling age. 105

OH first of human blessings ! and supreme !  
 Fair *Peace* ! how lovely, how delightful thou !  
 By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,  
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,  
 And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil 110  
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,  
 Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.  
 Pure is thy reign ; when, unaccurs'd by blood,  
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
 Trickling distils into the vernal glebe ; 115  
 Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,  
 When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field ;

When only shining shares, the crooked knife,  
 And hooks imprint the vegetable wound ;  
 When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120  
 The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.  
 Oh, Peace ! thou source, and soul of social life ;  
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,  
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ; 125  
 Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee !  
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;  
 Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun  
 Into the well-pil'd armory returns ; 130  
 And, every vigour from the work of death,  
 To grateful industry converting, makes  
 The country flourish, and the city smile.  
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;  
 And him the smiling mother to her train. 135  
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,  
 Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour sure,  
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,  
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,  
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ; 140  
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,  
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.  
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends  
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;  
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace, 145  
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

WHAT



WHAT would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?  
 What painful patience? What incessant care?  
 What mixt anxiety? What sleepless toil?  
 Even from the rash protected what reproach? 150  
 For he thy value knows; thy friendship he  
 To human nature: but the better thou,  
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more  
 Inevitable war; when ruffian force  
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state. 155  
 Even the good patient man, whom reason rules,  
 Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,  
 With sharp, and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons  
 Of violence confounds; firm as his cause,  
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad; 160  
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:  
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,  
 His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more  
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

AND what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more,  
 Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep 166  
 The least beginning injury receives?  
 What better cause can call your lightning forth?  
 Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?  
 What better cause, than when your country sees 170  
 The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd?  
 For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,  
 To keep your trade intire, intire the force,  
 And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,

B 3

Even

Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye. 175  
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,  
 By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;  
 But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,  
 Unconquerable still: let none escape,  
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there. 180  
 Is there the man into the lion's den  
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?  
 And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath  
 The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?  
 Then ardent rise! Oh great in vengeance rise! 185  
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:  
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,  
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state  
 At once their welfare and their duty know.  
 This is your glory; this your wisdom; this 190  
 The native pow'r for which you were design'd  
 By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,  
 That e'er was seated on the subject sea;  
 A state, alone, where *Liberty* should live,  
 In these late times, this evening of mankind, 195  
 When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,  
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.  
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown,  
 For this, your oaks, peculiar hardened shoot  
 Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts 200  
 Swell with a fullen courage, growing still  
 As dangers grows; and strength, and toil for this  
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.

Then

Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,  
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt, 205  
By lavish nature thrust into your hand :  
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense  
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell  
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,  
Where'er the wind your high behests can blow ; 210  
And fix it deep on this eternal base.

For should the sliding fabrick once give way,  
Soon slackened quite, and past recovery broke,  
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,  
Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulf, 215  
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.

And should the big redundant flood of trade,  
In which ten thousand thousand labours join  
Their several currents, till the boundless tide  
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land ; 220  
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point  
Its course another way, o'er other lands

The various treasure would resistless pour,  
Ne'er to be won again ; its antient tract  
Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead, 225  
With all around a miserable waste.

Not *Egypt*, were, her better heaven, the *Nile*  
Turn'd in the pride of flow ; when o'er his rocks,  
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach  
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash 230

An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain ;  
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky)

Even

Even not that prime of earth, where harvests croud  
 On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,  
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd, 235  
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,  
 Steril, and void ; than of her trade depriv'd,  
*Britons*, your boasted isle : her princes sunk ;  
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust ;  
 Unnerv'd her force ; her spirit vanish'd quite ; 240  
 With rapid wing her riches fled away ;  
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign  
 Of what she was ; her merchants scatter'd wide ;  
 Her hollow shops shut up ; and in her streets,  
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads, 245  
 The chearful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waste luxury impair  
 That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,  
 And your own proper happiness creates !  
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating plague 250  
 Creep on the free-born mind ; and working there,  
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,  
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart  
 Of *Liberty* ; the high conception blast ;  
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn 255  
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish  
 For general good, erasing from the mind :  
 While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,  
 And low design, the sneaking passions all  
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast. 260  
 Induc'd



Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,  
Sapping the very frame of government,  
And life, a total dissolution comes ;  
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear ;  
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes ; 265  
The human being almost quite extinct ;  
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.  
Oh shun that gulph : that gaping ruin shun !  
And countless ages roll it far away  
From you, ye heaven-belov'd ! may *liberty*, 270  
The light of life ! the sun of human kind !  
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,  
Even where the keen depressive north descends,  
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers !  
While slavish southern climates beam in vain. 275  
And may a public spirit from the *throne*,  
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth  
Live o'er the land ! the finer arts inspire ;  
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,  
Blow the fresh bay, bid Industry rejoice, 280  
And the rough sons of lowest Labour smile.  
As when, profuse of spring, the loosened West  
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes  
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

BUT haste we from these melancholy shores, 285  
Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint  
Pour weak ; the country claims our active aid ;  
That let us roam ; and where we find a spark

Of

Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

Lo! now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet 290  
In awful senate; thither let us fly;

Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue  
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,  
And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round.

THIS said; her fleeting form, and airy train, 295  
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks  
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard  
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

90

ue

95

1



Liberty



ANCIENT and MODERN

I T A L Y

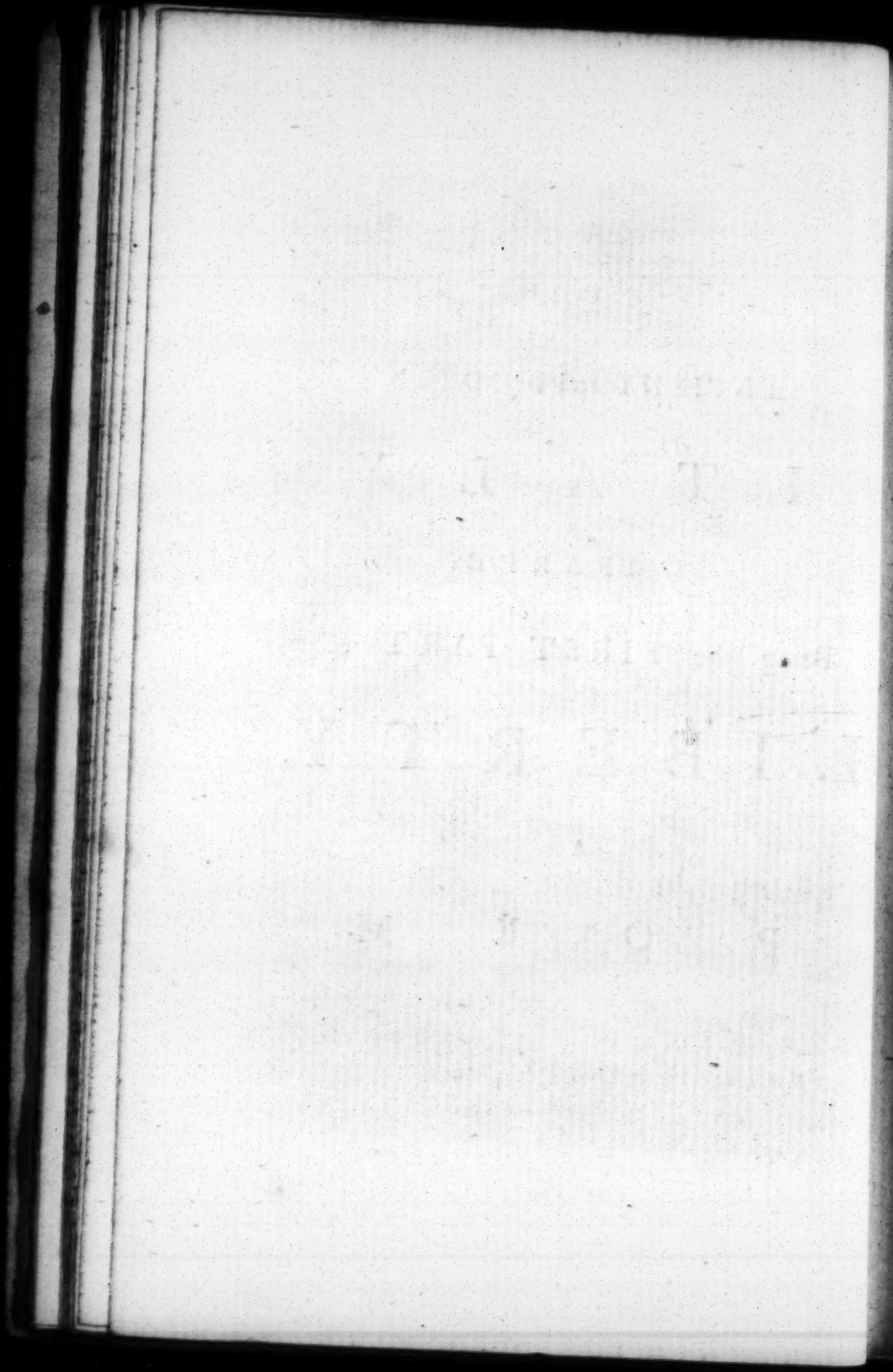
COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

LIBERTY.

A

P O E M.



---

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

F R E D E R I C K

PRINCE of WALES.

S I R,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following poem under your protection ; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote

VOL. II.

C

them

## DEDICATION.

them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easily to be felt than expressed.

IF the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in GREAT BRITAIN, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly



## DEDICATION.

particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obedient

And most devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

## THE CONTENTS of PART I.

**T**HE following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical Vision. Its Scene the ruins of antient Rome. The GODDESS of LIBERTY, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterized as BRITISH LIBERTY; to Ver. 44. Gives a view of Antient Italy, and particularly of Republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to Ver. 112. This contrasted by Modern Italy; its valleys, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the Capital City Rome; to Ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of LIBERTY more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of OPPRESSION; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to Ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophiz'd, with regard to the several melancholy changes in ITALY: HORACE, TULLY, and VIRGIL, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to Ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed; to Ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to Ver. 344. Address to the GODDESS of LIBERTY, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks; to Ver. 391. An immediate VISION attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

LIBER.

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# LIBERTY.

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## PART I.

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**O** My lamented TALBOT! while with thee  
The *Muse* gay-roy'd the glad *Hesperian* round,  
And drew th' inspiring breath of antient arts;  
Ah! little thought she her returning verse  
Should sing our darling subject to thy Shade. 5  
And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,  
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,  
And all thy FATHER's candid spirit shone?  
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;  
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard; 10  
Honour-disdaining blemish, cordial faith,  
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.  
But to the death of mighty nations turn,  
My strain; be there absorpt the private tear.

MUSING, I lay; warm from the sacred walks, 15  
 Where at each step imagination burns:  
 While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,  
 Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious *Rome*,  
 The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface  
 Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast. 20

SNATCH'D by these wonders to that world where  
 thought

Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand  
 Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,  
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.  
 When straight, methought, the fair majestic POWER  
 Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not, as of old, 26  
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,  
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life:  
 But her bright temples bound with *British* oak,  
 And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30  
 Sublime of port: loose o'er her shoulder flow'd  
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.  
 An island-goddes now; and her high care  
 The Queen of Isles, the mistress of the main..  
 My heart beat filial transport at the sight; 35  
 And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd *Muse*  
 Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,  
 With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,  
 And then, her sighs repressing, thus began.



MINE are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine ; 40  
But ah how chang'd ! the falling poor remains  
Of what exalted once th' *Aufonian* shore.  
Look back thro' time ; and, rising from the gloom,  
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

THE great Republic see ! that glow'd, sublime, 45  
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states ;  
Rais'd on the thrones of Kings her *Curule Chair*,  
And by her *Fasces* aw'd the subject world.  
See busy millions quickning all the land,  
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high : 50  
For *Nature* then smil'd on her free-born sons,  
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to *Men*.  
Behold, the country chearing, villas rise,  
In lively prospect ; by the secret lapse  
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song : 55  
In *Umbria*'s closing vales, or on the brow  
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale :  
On *Baia*'s viny coast ; where peaceful seas,  
Fan'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;  
And sons unclouded shine, thro' purest air : 60  
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of *Rome* ;  
Far-shining upward to the *Sabine* hills,  
To *Anio*'s roar, and *Tibur*'s olive shade ;  
To where *Preneſte* lifts her airy brow ;  
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65  
Where *Alba* breathes the freshness of the main.

SEE distant mountains leave their valleys dry,  
 And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,  
 To lave imperial *Rome*. For ages laid,  
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70  
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads :  
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings ;  
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

FULL in the centre of these wondrous works,  
 The pride of earth ! *Rome* in her glory see ! 75  
 Behold her demigods, in senate met ;  
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act :  
 The commonweal inspiring every tongue  
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold ;  
 Ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd 80  
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

HER Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,  
 In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two \* Sires,  
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,  
 Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85  
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.  
 Hark ! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,  
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to TULLY's tongue.

HER Tribes, her Census, see ; her generous troops,  
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward 90

\* L. J. BRUTUS, and VIRGINIUS.

Free for their country and for me to die ;  
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

MARK, as the purple triumph waves along,  
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see ;    95  
Her *Circus*, ardent with contending youth ;  
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,  
Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,  
And of a people cast in virtue's mold.  
While sculpture lives around, and *Asian* hills    100  
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome :  
All that to *Roman* strength the softer touch  
Of *Grecian* art can join. But language fails  
To paint this sun, this center of mankind ;  
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,    105  
Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.

NEED I the contrast mark ? unjoyous view !  
A land in all, in government, and arts,  
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.  
Who but these far-fam'd ruins to behold,    110  
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims  
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere  
Of doubting modern life ; who but inflam'd  
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes  
Of men and deeds to trace ; unhappy land,    115  
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway ?

ARE

ARE these the vales, that, once, exulting states  
 In their warm bosom fed ? The mountains these,  
 On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,  
 I bred to glory ? These dejected towns, 120  
 Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,  
 The scenes of ancient opulence, and pomp ?

COME ! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,  
 OPPRESSION, come ! and in thy works rejoice !  
 See nature's richest plains to putrid fens. 125  
 Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,  
 See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.  
 First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand  
 Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plow ;  
 And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe. 130  
 'Tis thine intire. The lonely swain himself,  
 Who loves at large along the grassy downs  
 His flocks to pasture, thy drear champaign flies.  
 Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,  
 'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey, 135  
 Graz'd by the fullen buffalo alone ;  
 And where the rank uncultivated growth  
 Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.  
 Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,  
 Or sinks infeeble, or infected burns. 140  
 Beneath it mourns the solitary road,  
 Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste ;  
 While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

SUCH



SUCH thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer* ! Foe  
To human-kind ! Thy mountains too, profuse, 145  
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad plaint  
To raise against thy desolating rod.

There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,  
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd fun,  
Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150  
Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,  
Each harvest pines ; the livid lean produce  
Of heartless labour : while thy hated joys,  
Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.

Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155  
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.

Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves  
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts

Of yellow *Ceres*, thin the radiant blush  
Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160

To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth  
(Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.

Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine ;  
Nor juice *Cæcubian*, nor *Falernian*, more,  
Streams life and joy, save in the *Muse's* bowl. 165

Unseconded by art, the spinning race  
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.

In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows ;  
And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.

Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines. 170

Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,  
And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

No a half thy triumph this : cast, from brute fields,  
Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.

There buxom Plenty never turns her horn ; 175

The grace and virtue of exterior life,  
No clean Convenience reigns ; even Sleep itself,

Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,

Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.

Thy horrid walk ! dead, empty, unadorn'd, 180

See streets whose echos never know the voice

Of chearful hurry, commerce many tongue'd,

And art mechanic at his various talk,

Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,

Of occupation void, as void of hope ; 185

Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,

That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,

With views of fortune——madness all to them !

By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,

To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190

Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,

And love and music melt their souls away.

From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,

Trembling, the balance snatches ; and the sword,

Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195

See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,

With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let *Rome*, the mighty city ! speak  
The full exerted genius of thy reign.

Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200

Expiring

Expiring nature all corrupted round ;  
While the lone *Tybur*, thro' the desert plain,  
Winds his waste stores, and fullen sweeps along.  
Patch'd from my fragments in unsolid pomp,  
Mark how the temple glares ; and, artful drest, 205  
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.  
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,  
Concealing often in magnific jail,  
Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom !  
And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210  
Of misery, whose melancholy walls  
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.  
Within the city-bounds, the desert see.  
See the rank vine, o'er subterranean roofs,  
Indecent, spread ; beneath whose fretted gold 215  
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,  
Matchless, while fir'd by me ; to public good  
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,  
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,  
Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220  
Known to the vulgar breast : behold them now  
A thin despairing number, all subdu'd,  
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,  
By vice unman'd and a licentious rule,  
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225  
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,  
Thy sons OPPRESSION, are ; and such were MINE.

EVEN with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show  
 Deluded thousands starve ; all age-begrim'd,  
 Torn, robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks, 230  
 And by the tempest of two thousand years  
 Continual shaken, let my Ruins vie.  
 These roads that yet the *Roman* hand assert,  
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil ;  
 These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235  
 No more delighted hear ; these rich remains  
 Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd  
 Each parent ray ; these massy columns, hew'd  
 From *Afric's* farthest shore ; one granite all,  
 These obelisks high-towering to the sky, 240  
 Mysterious mark'd with dark *Egyptian* lore ;  
 These endless wonders that this \* *sacred way*  
 Illumine still, and consecrate to fame ;  
 These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd  
 With the fine stores of art-completing *Greece*. 245  
*Mine* is, besides, *thy* every later boast :  
 Thy † *BUONAROTI*, thy *PALLADIOS* mine ;  
 And mine the fair designs, which *RAPHAEL's* soul  
 C'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.

WHAT would you say, ye conquerors of earth !  
 Ye *Romans* ! could you raise the laurel'd head ; 251

\* *Via Sacra.*

† *M. ANGELO BUONAROTI, PALLADIO, RAPHAEL D' URBINO* ; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

Could



Could you the country see, by seas of blood,  
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear ;  
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight !  
For whose defence, oft, in the doubtful hour, 255  
You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,  
Of death ambitious ! till by awful deeds,  
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,  
The queen of nations rose ; possess'd of all  
Which nature, art, and glory could bestow : 260  
What would you say, deep in the last abyss  
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,  
Thus to behold her sunk ? Your crowded plains,  
Void of their cities ; unadorn'd your hills ; 264  
Ungrac'd your lakes ; your ports to ships unknown ;  
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams ;  
These could you know ? these could you love again ?  
Thy *Tybur*, HORACE, could it now inspire,  
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,  
Soon bursting into song : while thro' the groves 270  
Of headlong *Anio*, dashing to the vale,  
In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along ?  
\* Yon wild retreat where superstition dreams,  
Could, TULLY, you your *Tusculum* believe ?  
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275  
Fam'd in old song, the ship-forfaken † bay,

\* *Tusculum* is reckoned to have stood at a place now called *Grotta Ferrata*, a convent of monks.

† The bay of *Mela* (anciently *Formia*) into which HOMER brings ULYSSES, and his companions. Near *Formia* CICERO had a villa.

Your *Formian* shore ? Once the delight of earth,  
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd  
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores. 279  
 How chang'd, how vacant, *VIRGIL*, wide around,  
 Would now your *Naples* seem ? Disaster'd less  
 By black *Vesuvius* thundering o'er the coast,  
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,  
 Than by despotic rage \* : *that* inward gnaws,  
 A native foe ; a *foreign*, tears without. 285  
 First from your flatter'd *CÆSARS* this began :  
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,  
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the † Syren plain,  
 That the dire soul of *HANNIBAL* disarm'd ;  
 And wrapt in weeds the ‡ shore of *Venus* lies. 290  
 There *Baia* sees no more the joyous throng ;  
 Her bank all beaming with the pride of *Rome* :  
 No generous vines now bask along the hills,  
 Where sport the breezes of the *Tyrrhene* main :  
 With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise ; 295  
 Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,  
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep :  
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend :  
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,  
 From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300

\* *Naples* then under the *Austrian* government.

† *Campagna felice*, adjoining to *Capua*.

‡ The coast of *Baia*, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines ; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to *Venus* are still to be seen.

An almost total desolation 'fits,  
 A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;  
 \* Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,  
 Rejoicing crouds inhal'd the balm of peace;  
 Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze; 305  
 And where, with *Ceres*, *Bacchus* wont to hold  
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,  
 Even nature yields; by fire, and earthquake rent:  
 Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt  
 Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310  
 A nest for serpents; from the red abyfs  
 New hills, explosive, thrown; the *Lucrine* lake  
 A reedy pool; and all to *Cuma's* point,  
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,  
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome. 315

HENCE, BRITAIN, learn; my best-establish'd, last,  
 And more than GREECE, or ROME, my steady reign;  
 The land where, King and People equal bound  
 By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;  
 And where my jealous unsubmitting soul, 320  
 The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:  
 Learn hence; if such the miserable fate  
 Of an heroic race, the masters once  
 Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of me,  
 How grievous must be thine. In spite of climes, 325  
 Whene sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul

\* All along this coast, the antient *Romans* had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood,

To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,  
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,  
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;  
 If there desponding fail the common arts, 330  
 And sustenance of life: could life itself,  
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,  
 Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,  
 Join'd to full-spread oppression's cloudy brow,  
 How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find, 335  
 Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?  
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,  
 To plow the dreadful all-producing wave?

HERE paus'd the GODDESS. By the pause assur'd,  
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340  
 " Oh first, and most benevolent of powers!  
 " Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,  
 " Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,  
 " To shield mankind; to raise them to assert  
 " The native rights and honour of their race: 345  
 " Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal  
 " Yielding to none, the PROGRESS OF THY REIGN,  
 " And with a strain from THEE enrich the *Muse*.  
 " AS THEE alone she serves, her patron, THOU,  
 " And great inspirer be! then will she joy, 350  
 " Tho' narrow life her lot, and private shade:  
 " And when her venal voice she barter's vile,  
 " Or to thy open or thy secret foes;  
 " May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,  
 " By



" By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her song 355  
" Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew !  
" Vermin of state ! to thy o'erflowing light  
" That owe their being, yet betray thy cause,"

THEN, condescending kind, the HEAVENLY POWER  
Return'd,—" What here, suggested by the scene,

" I slight unfold, record, and sing at home, 361  
" In that blest isle, where (so we spirits move)  
" With one quick effort of my will I am.  
" There TRUTH, unlicens'd, walks ; and dares accost  
" Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the free !  
" Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race 366  
" O'er BRITONS wield the scepter of their choice :  
" And there, to finish what his fires began,  
" A PRINCE behold ! for me who burns sincere,  
" Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work 370  
" Will parent-like sustain ; and added give  
" The touch the Graces and the Muses owe.  
" For BRITAIN's glory swells his panting breast ;  
" And ancient arts he emulous revolves :  
" His pride to let the smiling heart abroad ; 375  
" Thro' clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man ;  
" To please his pleasure ; bounty his delight ;  
" And all the soul of TITUS dwells in him."

HAIL glorious theme ! But how alas ! shall verse,  
From the crude stores of mortal language drawn, 380  
How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,  
The

The GODDESS flash'd at once upon my soul.  
 For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods  
 Is harmony itself; to every ear  
 Familiar known, like light to every eye. 385  
 Mean time, disclosing ages, as she spoke,  
 In long succession pour'd their empires forth;  
 Scene after scene, the human drama spread:  
 And still th' embodied picture rose to fight.

OH THOU! to whom the *Muses* owe their flame;  
 Who bid'st, beneath the pole, *Parnassus* rise, 391  
 And *Hippocrenè* flow; with thy bold ease,  
 The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,  
 And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound and clear;  
 Oh gracious GODDESS! re-inspire my song; 395  
 While I, to nobler than poetic fame  
 Aspiring, thy commands to BRITONS bear.

GREECE;

G R E E C E:

Being the SECOND PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

## THE CONTENTS of PART II.

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# LIBERTY.

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## PART II.

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**T**HUS spoke the Goddess of the fearless eye ;  
And at her voice, renew'd, the Vision rose.

FIRST, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,  
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd ;  
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks, 5  
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.  
These, as increasing families disclos'd  
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.  
Few were offences, properties, and laws.  
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread, - 10  
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,  
With reason then and equity the same,  
Free as the common air, her prompt decree ;  
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subjects blood.

The

The simpler arts were all their simple wants 15  
 Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,  
 Another set of fonder wants arose,  
 And other arts with them of finer aim;  
 Till, from refining want to want impell'd,  
 The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers, 20  
 And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war  
 Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,  
 On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.  
 For then young sportive life was void of toil, 25  
 Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:  
 But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,  
 Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;  
 Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,  
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30  
 From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,  
 Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood  
 First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.  
 Awful in justice, then the burning youth,  
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35  
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,  
 Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpened spear.  
 Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;  
 Who, scorning coward-self, for others liv'd,  
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40  
 West with the living day to GREECE I came:  
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the *Muse* before

Sonorous

Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods  
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;  
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45  
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

FOR GREECE my sons of EGYPT I forsook;  
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss  
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,  
And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50  
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,  
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;  
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;  
By poets, sages, legislators fought;  
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind. 55  
But when mysterious Superstition came,  
And, with her \* Civil Sister league'd, involv'd  
In study'd darkness the desponding mind:  
Then Tyrant Power the righteous scourge unloos'd:  
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60  
Instead of useful works, like nature's, great,  
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;  
And round a tyrant's † tomb, who none deserv'd,  
For one vile carcass perish'd countless lives. 64  
Then the great ‡ Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,  
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—" This flood is  
" mine,  
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,  
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;

\* Civil Tyranny.

† The Pyramids.

‡ The Tyrants of EGYPT.

Felt that, without my fertilizing power,  
 Suns' lost their force, and *Niles* o'erflow'd in vain. 70  
 Nought could retard me : nor the frugal state  
 Of rising *Persia*, sober in extreme,  
 Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd  
 Into luxurious waste : nor yet the ports  
 Of old PHOENICIA ; first for letters fam'd, 75  
 That paint the voice, and silent speak to sight,  
 Of arts prime source, and guardian ! by fair stars,  
 First tempted out into the lonely deep ;  
 To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,  
 The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80  
 With all the peaceful power of ruling trade ;  
 Earnest of BRITAIN. Nor by these retain'd ;  
 Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore  
 The silver *Jordan* leaves. Before me lay  
 The promis'd LAND OF ARTS, and urg'd my flight. 85

HAIL Nature's utmost boast ! unrival'd GREECE !  
 My fairest reign ! where every power benign  
 Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,  
 And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.  
 Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90  
*Ionian* or *Ægean*, temper'd kind.  
 Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay ;  
 Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,  
 And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales.  
 Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous  
 flow'd ;

95  
Whence



Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,  
 And still the mountains and the streams of song.  
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour  
 Of high materials, and My restless Arts  
 Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100  
 And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,  
 And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds !  
 From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat  
 By *Adria's* here, there by *Ægean* waves ;  
 To where the deep-adorning *Cyclade Isles* 105  
 In shining prospect rise, and on the shore  
 Of farthest *Crete* resounds the *Lybian* main.

O'ER All two rival cities rear'd the brow,  
 And balanc'd All. Spread on *Eurotas'* bank,  
 Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110  
 The patient SPARTA One : the sober, hard,  
 And man-subduing city ; which no shape  
 Of Pain could conquer, nor of Pleasure charm.  
 LYCURGUS there built, on the solid base  
 Of equal life, so well a temper'd state ; 115  
 Where mix'd each government, in such just poise ;  
 Each power so checking, and supporting, each ;  
 That firm for ages, and unmov'd it stood,  
 The fort of GREECE ! without one giddy hour,  
 One shock of faction, or of party-rage. 120  
 For, drain'd the springs of wealth, Corruption there  
 Lay withered at the root. Thrice happy land !  
 Had not neglected art, with weedy vice

Confounded, sunk. But if *Athenian* arts  
 Lov'd not the soil ; yet there the calm abode 125  
 Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,  
 Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase  
 Confin'd, and press'd into *Lacomic* force.  
 There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,  
 The Public and the Private grew the same. 130  
 The children of the nursing Public all,  
 And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,  
 For that they liv'd entire, and even for that  
 The tender mother urg'd her son to die.

Or softer genius, but not less intent 135  
 To seize the palm of empire, *ATHENS* rose.  
 Where with bright marbles big and future pomp,  
 \* *Hymettus* spread, amid the scented sky,  
 His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,  
 And to botanic hand the stores of health ; 140  
 Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,  
 Between † *Ilissus* and *Cephissus* glow'd  
 This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,  
 Of active arts, and animated arms.  
 There, passionate for Me, an easy-mov'd, 145  
 A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,  
 Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink  
 Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,  
 Inforcing hasty counsel immature,  
 Totter'd the rash Democracy ; unpois'd, 150  
 And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears

\* A mountain near *Athens*.

† Two rivers, betwixt which *Athens* was situated.

A populace unequal ; part too rich,  
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.  
SOLON, at last, their mild restorer, rose :  
Allay'd the tempest ; to the calm of laws 155  
Reduc'd the settling whole ; and, with the weight  
Which the \* two senates to the public lent,  
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

NOR was my forming care to These confin'd.  
For emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd, 160  
Noble contention ! who should most excel  
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best  
To public weal : in countries cultur'd high :  
In ornamental towns, where order reigns,  
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair : 165  
In exercise, and arms ; arms only drawn  
For common GREECE, to quell the *Persian* pride ;  
In moral science, and in graceful arts.  
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,  
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170  
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth  
Pour'd every beam ; by generous pride inflam'd,  
Felt every ardour burn ; their great reward  
The verdant wreath, which sounding † *Pisa* gave.

\* The *Areopagus*, or Supreme court of Judicature, which  
SOLON reformed, and improved : and the council of *Four Hun-*  
*dred*, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were  
deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the  
people.

† Or *Olympia*, the city where the *Olympic* games were celebrated.

HENCE flourish'd GREECE; and hence a race of  
men, 175

As gods by conscious future times ador'd;  
In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,  
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,  
Each art was nature. SPARTAN valour hence,  
At the † *Sam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood; 180  
And the whole eastern ocean, waving far  
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.  
While in extended battle, at the field  
Of *Marathon*, my keen ATHENIANS drove  
Before their ardent band an host of slaves. 185

HENCE thro' the continent ten thousand GREEKS  
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime  
Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain,  
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands unknown;  
And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death; 190  
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd;  
Hunger, and toil; *Armenian* snows, and storms;  
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.  
GREECE in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,  
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds, 195  
Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way  
Triumphant, by the \* SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF  
Fix'd and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind,

† The straits of *Thermopyla*.

\* XENOPHON.



Almost Almighty in severe extremes!

The sea at last from *Colchian* mountains seen, 200  
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw  
The soldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes  
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice  
To cries resounding loud.—*The sea! The sea!*

IN *Attic* bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205  
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of *Greece!*  
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,  
All the soft modes of elegance, and ease;  
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch  
Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210

MY SPIRIT pours a vigour thro' the soul,  
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,  
Invincible in arts, in the bright field  
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.  
ATHENIANS thus not less intrepid burst 215  
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd  
The *Persian* chains: while thro' the city, full  
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,  
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,  
And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220  
From the fair jewel TRUTH its latent ray.  
O'er All shone out the great \* *ATHENIAN SAGE*,  
And Father of Philosophy: the sun,  
From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect

\* *SOCRATES.*

Took

Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225  
 Tutor of ATHENS ! he, in every street,  
 Dealt priceless treasure : goodness his delight,  
 Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.  
 Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art,  
 His simple question stole ; as into truth, 230  
 And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race ;  
 Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,  
 Or grace mankind ; and what he taught he was.  
 Compounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke  
 In different SCHOOLS. The bold poetic phrase 235  
 Of figur'd PLATO ; XENOPHON'S pure strain,  
 Like the clear brook that steals along the vale ;  
 Dissecting truth, the STAGYRITE'S keen eye ;  
 Th' exalted STOIC pride ; the CYNIC sneer ;  
 The slow-consenting ACADEMIC doubt ; 240  
 And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease  
 Of EPICURUS, seldom understood.  
 They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd  
 To reason ; and, since virtue was their aim,  
 Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way 245  
 The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base  
 Of Liberty, the Liberty of Mind :  
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,  
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.  
 From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightening arts 250  
 Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

O GREECE ! thou sapient nurse of FINER ARTS !  
Which to bright science blooming Fancy bore,  
Be this thy praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,  
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255  
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things ;  
Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd  
A broad majestic stream, and rolling on  
Thro' all the winding harmony of sound : 260  
In it the power of ELOQUENCE, at large,  
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul ;  
Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,  
Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,  
Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265  
In it the MUSE, her fury never quench'd,  
By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,  
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd ;  
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :  
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270  
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of Gods.

*Heroic Song* was thine ; the † FOUNTAIN-BARD,  
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.  
Thine the dread *Moral Scene*, thy chief delight !  
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice, 275  
When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart

Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in th' impassion'd man,  
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.

This potent school of manners, but when left  
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280  
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,  
And boundless cost, by thee, whose every son,  
Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd  
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

THE sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 185  
Thine was the meaning MUSIC of the heart.  
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs  
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;  
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,  
To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290

THY fair ideas, thy delightful forms,  
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,  
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! SCULPTURE seiz'd,  
And bad them ever smile in *Parian* stone.  
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again 295  
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,  
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.  
From those far different, whose prolific hand  
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,  
By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300  
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all  
Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.  
There, beaming full, it shone; expressing Gods:  
Jove's



*Jove's* awful brow, *Apollo's* air divine,  
The fierce atrocious frown of finewed *Mars*, 305  
Or the fly graces of the *Cyprian Queen*.  
Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,  
And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.  
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd ;  
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ; 310  
Sprung into motion ; soften'd into flesh ;  
Was fir'd to Passion, or refin'd to Soul.

NOR less thy PENCIL, with creative touch,  
Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,  
Assembled ZEUXIS in his HELEN mix'd. 315  
And when APELLES, who peculiar knew  
To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,  
The Soul of Beauty ! call'd the Queen of Love,  
Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.  
Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd, 320  
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch  
Dash'd to the ground ; and, rather than destroy  
The \* patriot picture, let the city scape.

FIRST elder *Sculpture* taught her Sister *Art*  
Correct design ; where great ideas shone. 325  
And in the secret trace expression spoke :

\* When DEMETRIUS besieged *Rhodes*, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it, where stood the house of the celebrated PROTOGENES ; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called JASYLUS, the master-piece of that painter.

Taught

Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,  
 And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,  
 Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,  
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330  
 Then the bright *Muse*, their eldest Sister, came ;  
 And bade her follow where she led the way :  
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise ;  
 And copious action on the canvas glow :  
 Gave her gay Fable ; spread Invention's store ; 335  
 Inlarg'd her View ; taught Composition high,  
 And just Arrangement, circling round one point,  
 That starts to fight, binds, and commands the whole.  
 Caught from the heavenly *Muse* a nobler aim,  
 And scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340  
 O'er all thy temple, porticos, and schools,  
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd  
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.  
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God  
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd 345  
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth  
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,  
 The living lesson stole into the heart,  
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.  
 These rouse to glory ; while, to rural life, 350  
 The softer canvas oft repos'd the soul.  
 There gaily broke the sun-illumin'd cloud ;  
 The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,  
 Vanish'd in air ; the precipice frown'd, dire ;  
 White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd ; 355  
 The

The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;  
 The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm  
 Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,  
 On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;  
 In closing shades, and where the current strays, 360  
 With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,  
 Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:  
 Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves;  
 And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public Virtue thus the smiling arts, 365  
 Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd; the *Graces* they  
 To dress this fairest *Venus*. Thus rever'd,  
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,  
 The high awarders of immortal fame,  
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370  
 Courted by kings, and by contending states  
 Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

IN ARCHITECTURE too thy rank supreme!  
 That art where most magnificent appears  
 The little builder man; by thee refin'd, 375  
 And, smiling high, to some perfection brought.  
 Such, thy sure rules, that *Goths* of every age,  
 Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth  
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.  
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore, 380  
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,  
 And nobly plain, the manly *Doric* rose;

Th' *Ionic* then, with decent matron grace,  
 Her airy pillar heav'd, luxuriant last,  
 The rich *Corinthian* spread her wanton wreath. 385  
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off  
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,  
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste  
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd  
 That from the magic wand aerial rise. 390

THESE were the wonders that illumin'd GREECE,  
 From end to end—Here interrupting warm,  
 Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, GONDESS, where?  
 And what the land thy darling thus of old?  
 Sunk! she resum'd, deep in the kindred gloom 395  
 Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk!  
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd  
 By loose dejected sloth, and servile fear;  
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds;  
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400  
 Of imitation in their breast awake.  
 Even, to supply the needful arts of life,  
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.  
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,  
 Or nodding column on the desert shore, 405  
 To point where *Corinth*, or where *Athens* stood.  
 A faithless land of violence, and death!  
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;  
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,  
 Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime. 410  
 Neglected



Neglected nature fails ; in fordid want  
 Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.  
 The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,  
 Of light unworthy, the degenerate race ;  
 And fires them oft with pestilential rays : 415  
 While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,  
 Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.  
 But as from man to man, Fate's first decree,  
 Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,  
 So states must die and LIBERTY go round. 420

FIERCE was the stand, ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,  
 And the Soul fir'd by ME (that often, stung  
 With thoughts of better times and old renown,  
 From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)  
 Lay quite extinct in GREECE, their works effac'd 425  
 And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.  
 Sooner I mov'd my much reluctant flight,  
 Pois'd on the doubtful wing : when GREECE with

GREECE

Embroid'd in foul contention fought no more  
 For common glory, and for common weal : 430  
 But, false to Freedom, fought to quell the Free ;  
 Broke the firm band of Peace, and sacred Love,  
 That lent the whole irrefragable force ;  
 And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,  
 Prepar'd the way for total overthrow. 435  
 Then to the *Persian* power, whose pride they scorn'd,  
 When XERXES pour'd his millions o'er the land,

*Sparta*, by turns, and *Athens*, vilely sue'd ;  
 Sue'd to be venal parricides, to spill  
 Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves 440  
 To turn their matchless mercenary arms.  
 Peaceful in *Susa*, then, sat the \* Great King ;  
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste  
 Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,  
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform: 445  
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,  
 Inflaming all the land : unballanc'd wide  
 Their tottering states ; their wild assemblies rul'd,  
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas :  
 And by their lifted orators, whose breath, 450  
 Still with a factious storm infested *GREECE*,  
 Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down  
 To fordid peace—† Peace ! that when *Sparta* shook  
 Astonish'd *ARTAXERXES* on his throne,  
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er *Asia's* sunny shore, 455  
 Their kindred-cities to perpetual chains.  
 What could so base, so infamous a thought  
 In *Spartan* hearts inspire ? Jealous, they saw  
 Respiring ‡ *Athens* rear again her walls ;

\* So the kings of *Persia* were called by the *Greeks*.

† The peace made by *ANTALCIDAS*, the *Lacedemonian* admiral, with the *Persians* ; by which the *Lacedemonians* abandoned all the *Greeks* established in the lesser *Asia* to the dominion of the king of *Persia*.

‡ *Athens* had been dismantled by the *Lacedemonians*, at the end of the first *Peloponnesian* war, and was at this time restored by *CONON* to its former splendor.

And

And the pale fury fir'd them, once again 460  
To crush this rival city to the dust.

For now no more the noble social soul  
Of LIBERTY my Families combin'd ;

But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,  
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465

'They mix'd severe, and wage'd eternal war :

Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force ;

Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,

Saw how the blackening storm from *Thracia* came.

\* Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd, 470

The blush and boast of Fame ! where courage, art,

And military glory shone supreme :

But let detesting ages, from the scene

Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye,

At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds, 475

She felt her spirits fail ; and in the dust

Her latest heroes, NICIAS, CONON, lay,

AGESILAUS, and the † THEBAN FRIENDS :

The *Macedonian* vultur mark'd his time,

By the dire scent of ‡ *Cheronæa* lur'd, 480

And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.

THUS tame submitted to the victor's yoke  
GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold ;

\* The *Peloponnesian* war.

† PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

‡ The battle of *Cheronæa*, in which PHILIP of *Macedon* utterly defeated the *Greeks*.

For every grace, and muse, and science born ; 485  
 With arts of War, of Government, elate ;  
 To Tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the Best ;  
 Whom I MYSELF could scarcely rule : and thus  
 The *Persian* fetters that inthrall'd the mind,  
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.

UNLESS CORRUPTION first deject the pride, 490  
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,  
 All crude attempts of *Violence* are vain ;  
 For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,  
 Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.  
 But soon as INDEPENDENCE stoops the head, 495  
 To *Vice* enslav'd, and *Vice-created Wants* ;  
 Then to some *soul-corrupting Hand*, whose waste  
 These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds :  
 From man to man the slackening ruin runs,  
 Till the whole State unnerv'd in SLAVERY sinks. 500

ROME:



R O M E:

Being the THIRD PART of

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

### The CONTENTS of PART III.

**A**S this Part contains a description of the establishment of LIBERTY in ROME, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the Spirit of LIBERTY, and of Republics, spreads over ITALY; to Ver. 32. Transition to PYTHAGORAS and his philosophy, which he taught thro' these free states and cities; to Ver. 71. Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, ROME the destined seat of LIBERTY. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in GREECE; to Ver. 88. Reference to a view of the ROMAN REPUBLIC given in the First Part of this Poem: to mark its Rise and Fall the peculiar purport of This. During its first ages, the greatest force of LIBERTY, and Virtue, exerted; to Ver. 103. The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the ROMANS. Enumeration of these Virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad; to Ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described; to Ver. 257. The states of GREECE restored to LIBERTY, by TITUS QUINTUS FLAMINIUS, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence; to Ver. 328. The loss of LIBERTY in ROME. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of BRUTUS; to Ver. 485. ROME under the emperors; to Ver. 513. From ROME the GODDESS of LIBERTY goes among the NORTHERN NATIONS; where, by infusing into them her Spirit and general principles, SHE lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages; to Ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which LIBERTY retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

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# LIBERTY.

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## PART III.

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**H**ERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,  
 That painted still whate'er the GODDESS sung.  
 Then I, impatient.—“ From extinguish'd GREECE,  
 “ To what new region stream'd the Human Day ?”  
 She softly sighing, as when *Zephyr* leaves, 5  
 Resign'd to *Boreas*, the declining year,  
 Resum'd.—Indignant, these \* last scenes I fled ;  
 And long ere then, *Leucadia's* cloudy cliff,  
 And the *Ceraunian* hills behind me thrown,  
 All LATIUM stood arouz'd. Ages before, 10  
 Great mother of republics ! Greece had pour'd,  
 Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.  
 On *Asia*, *Afric*, *Sicily*, they stoop'd,  
 But chief on fair HESPERIA's winding shore ;

\* The last struggles of Liberty in GREECE.

Where

Where, from \* *Lacinium* to *Etrurian* vales, 15  
 They roll'd increasing colonies along,  
 And lent materials for my ROMAN REIGN.  
 With them *my Spirit* spread ; and numerous states,  
 And cities rose, on *Grecian* models form'd ;  
 As its parental policy, and arts, 20  
 Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd  
 A Guardian Genius, o'er the public weal,  
 Kept an unclosing eye ; try'd to sustain,  
 Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by Me :  
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave, 25  
 Against the Tyrant Demons of the land.  
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew ;  
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,  
 But almost all below the proud regard  
 Of story vow'd to ROME, on deeds intent, 30  
 That Truth beyond the flight of Fable bore.

Not so the † SAMIAN SAGE ; to him belongs  
 The brightest witness of recording Fame.  
 For these free states his native ‡ isle forsook,  
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35  
 He sought *Crotona's* pure salubrious air,  
 And thro' § Great *Greece* his gentle wisdom taught ;

\* A promontory in *Calabria*.

† PYTHAGORAS.

‡ *Samos*, over which then reigned the tyrant POLYCRATES.

§ The southern parts of *Italy* and *Sicily*, so call'd because of the *Grecian* colonies there settled,



Wisdom that calm'd for \* listening years the mind,  
Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.  
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40  
Of boundless æther ; where unnumber'd orbs,  
Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathless sky  
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.  
There he the full consenting choir beheld ;  
There first discern'd the secret band of love 45  
The kind attraction, that to central suns  
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.  
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd  
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,  
The Sun of beings ! beaming unconfin'd 50  
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power :  
Whom nought can image, and who best approves  
The silent worship of the moral heart,  
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy.  
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55  
And bound his reason to the sphere of Man.  
He gave the four yet † reigning virtues name ;  
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,  
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd  
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60  
He even, into his tender system, took  
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life :  
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,  
From brute to man, and man to brute again,

\* His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.

† The four cardinal virtues.

For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round ; 65  
 Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,  
 And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,  
 To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !  
 Had he beheld the living chain ascend,  
 And not a circling Form but rising Whole. 70

AMID these small republics one arose,  
 On yellow *Tyber's* bank, almighty *ROME*,  
 Fated for *ME*. A nobler spirit warm'd  
 Her sons ; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still  
 It burn'd in *BRUTUS* ; the proud *Tarquins* chas'd, 75  
 With all their crimes ; bade radiant æras rise,  
 And the long honours of the Consul-Line.

HERE from the fairer, not the greater, plan  
 Of *GREECE* I vary'd ; whose unmixing states,  
 By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd, 80  
 Long wage'd alone the bloodless war of arts,  
 And their *best* empire gain'd. But to diffuse  
 O'er *Men* an empire was my purpose now :  
 To let my martial Majesty abroad ;  
 Into the vortex of one State to draw 85  
 The whole mix'd Force, and Liberty on earth ;  
 To conquer Tyrants, and set Nations free.

ALREADY have I given, with flying touch,  
 A broken view of this my amplest reign.

Now,

Part III.    *L I B E R T Y.*    73

Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,    90  
Mark how it lab'ring rose, and rapid fell.

WHEN ROME in noon-tide empire grasp'd the  
world,  
And, soon as her resistless legions shone,  
The nations stoop'd around ; tho' then appear'd  
Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,    95  
By many a jealous equal people press'd,  
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then ;  
Then for each *Roman* I an Hero told ;  
And every passing sun, and *Latian* scene,  
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,    100  
That, or surpass the faith of modern times,  
Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

FOR then, to prove my most exalted power,  
I to the point of full perfection push'd,  
To fondness and enthusiastic zeal,    105  
The great, the reigning passion of the Free.  
That godlike passion ! which the bounds of Self  
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes  
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high  
With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd Selves ;    110  
Of all who safe beneath the Voted Laws  
Of the same parent-state, fraternal, live.  
From this kind Sun of Moral Nature flow'd  
Virtues that shine the light of human-kind,  
And, ray'd thro' story, warm remotest time.    115

These virtues too, reflected to their source,  
 Increas'd its flame. The social charm went round,  
 The fair idea, more attractive still,  
 As more by Virtue mark'd ; till *Romans*, all  
 One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120

HENCE, when their country rais'd her plaintive  
 voice,  
 The voice of pleading Nature was not heard ;  
 And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more :  
 Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.  
 Hence sweetened Pain, the luxury of Toil ; 125  
 Patience that baffled Fortune's utmost rage ;  
 High-minded Hope, which at the lowest ebb,  
 When *Brennus* conquer'd, and when *Cannæ* bled,  
 The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.  
 Hence Moderation, a new conquest gain'd ; 130  
 As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,  
 Their dewy mercy dropt, their bounty beam'd,  
 And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.  
 Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,  
 Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce, 135  
 Hence, INDEPENDENCE, with his Little pleas'd  
 Serene, and self-sufficient, like a God ;  
 In whom CORRUPTION could not lodge one charm,  
 While he his honest Roots to Gold preferr'd ;  
 While truly rich, and by his *Sabine* field, 140  
 The man maintain'd, the *Roman's* splendor all  
 Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd :

Or



Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough ;  
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,  
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,      145  
With Wisdom's purest eye ; or, clad in steel,  
To drive the steady battle on the foe.  
Hence every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd,  
To common-good ; CAMILLUS ; thy revenge ;  
Thy glory, FABIVS. All submissive hence,      150  
Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their rule,  
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.  
Tho' Conquest o'er them clap'd her eagle-wings,  
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds  
To the triumphal car ; soon as expir'd      155  
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,  
(A harder lesson than than to command)  
Into the private *Roman* funk the Chief.  
If ROME was serv'd, and glorious, careless they  
By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their  
                own ;      160  
And above envy, in a rival's train,  
Sung the loud *lōs* by themselves deserv'd.  
Hence matchless courage. On *Cremera's* bank,  
Hence fell the FABII ; hence the DECII dy'd ;  
And CURTIUS plung'd into the flaming gulf.      165  
Hence REGVLVS the wavering fathers firm'd,  
By dreadful counsel never given before ;  
For *Roman* honour sue'd, and his own doom.  
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd  
By *Punic* rage. On earth his manly look      170  
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,

By chains polluted, put his wife aside,  
 His little children climbing for a kiss;  
 Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,  
 A new illustrious exile! press'd along. 175  
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crouds  
 Opposing his return, than if, escap'd  
 From long litigious suits, he glad forsook  
 The noisy town a while and city-cloud,  
 To breathe *Venasfrian*, or *Tarentine* air. 180  
 Need I these high particulars recount?  
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;  
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear:  
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors Fate,  
 When ROME and Glory call'd. But, in one view, 185  
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.  
 Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime:  
*Astrea* reign'd, and scarcely needed laws  
 To bind a race elated with the pride  
 Of virtue, and disdaining to descend 190  
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.  
 While war around them rag'd, in happy ROME  
 All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds  
 That often hang on Freedom's jealous brow;  
 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195  
 When not a *Roman* bled but in the field.  
 Their virtue such, that an unballanc'd state,  
 Still between Noble and Plebeian tost,  
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,  
 Was then kept firm, and with triumphant prow 200  
 Rode.

Rode out the storms. Oft tho' the native feuds,  
That from the first their constitution shook,  
(A latent ruin, growing as it grew)  
Stood on the threatening point of civil war  
Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice      205  
Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,  
Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,  
Unpetrify'd by Self, so naked lay  
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the rage  
Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,      210  
Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once  
To peace recover'd the divided state.  
But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd  
The soothing touch; still, in the love of ROME,  
The dread Dictator found a sure resource.      215  
Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?  
One common quarrel wide inflam'd the whole.  
Foes in the Forum in the field were friends,  
By social danger bound; each fond for each,  
And for their dearest country all, to die.      220

THUS up the hill of empire slow they toil'd:  
Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states  
Of proud *ITALIA* blended into one;  
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,  
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.      225

LET Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.  
See that which borders wild the western main,  
G 3      Where

Where storms at large resound, and tides immense :  
 From *Caledonia's* dim cærulean coast,  
 And moist *Hibernia*, to where *Atlas*, lodg'd 230  
 Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,  
 Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.  
 Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn  
 Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews :  
 From the dire deserts by the *Caspian* lav'd, 235  
 To where the *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, join'd,  
 Impetuous tear the *Babylonian* plain ;  
 And blest *Arabia* aromatic breathes.  
 See that dividing far the watry north,  
 Parent of floods ! from the majestic *Rhine*, 240  
 Drunk by *Batavian* meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,  
 In *Euxine* waves the flashing *Danube* roars ;  
 To where the frozen *Tanais* scarcely stirs  
 The dead *Meotic* pool, or the long \* *Rha*,  
 In the black † *Scythian* sea his torrent throws. 245  
 Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.  
 See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains  
 Of *Mauritania* to the *Lybian* sands,  
 Where *Ammon* lifts amid the torrid waste  
 A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh ; 250  
 And farther to the full *Egyptian* shore,  
 To where the *Nile* from *Ethiopian* clouds,  
 His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.

\* The ancient name of the *Volga*.

† The *Caspian* sea.



In this vast space what various tongues, and states !  
 What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas !  
 What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed ! 256

O'ER GREECE descended chief, with stealth divine,  
 The *Roman* bounty in a flood of day :  
 As at her *Isthmian* games, a fading pomp !  
 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd. 260  
 On a tribunal rais'd *FLAMINIUS* sat ;  
 A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd  
 Of iron-coated *Macedon*, and back  
 The *Grecian* \* tyrant to his bounds repell'd.  
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265  
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts  
 Possess'd ; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,  
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.  
 Then thus a herald :—" To the states of GREECE  
 " The ROMAN PEOPLE, unconfin'd, restore 270  
 " Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :  
 " Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."  
 The croud astonish'd half, and half inform'd,  
 Star'd dubious round ; some question'd, some exclaim'd,  
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear, 275  
 Is lost in anxious joy) Be that again,  
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.  
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd ;  
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,

\* The King of Macedonia.

When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd, 280  
 A while severe amazement held them mute,  
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven  
 From many a thousand hearts extatic sprung.  
 On every hand rebellow'd to their joy  
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills: 285  
 Thro' all her turrets stately \* *Corinth* shook;  
 And, from the void above of shattered air,  
 The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.  
 What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame,  
 Did then, FLAMINIUS, reach thy inmost soul? 290  
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then  
 Escape the fondness of transported GREECE?  
 Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,  
 They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,  
 Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295  
 Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night  
 Round tho Proconsul's tent repeated rung.  
 Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours;  
 And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm, 299  
 Their raptures wak'd anew.—“Ye Gods, they cry'd,  
 “Ye guardian Gods of GREECE! And are we free!  
 “Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?  
 “And is it true! How did we purchase chains?  
 “At what a dire expence of kindred-blood?  
 “And are they now dissolv'd? And scarce one drop  
 “For the fair fruit of blessings have we paid? 306

\* The *Isthmian* games were celebrated at *Corinth*.

“ Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,  
“ When rages wide the storm of mingling war,  
“ Are rare indeed ; but how to generous ends  
“ To turn success, and conquest, rarer still : 310  
“ That the great Gods and *Romans* only know.  
“ Lives there on earth, almost to GREECE unknown,  
“ A people so magnanimous, to quit  
“ Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,  
“ And by their blood and treasures, spent for us, 315  
“ Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws !  
“ There does ! there does ! Oh Saviour TITUS !  
“ Rome ! ”

Thus thro’ the happy night they pour’d their souls,  
And in my last reflected beams rejoic’d.  
As when the shepherd, on the mountain-brow, 320  
Sits piping to his flocks, and gamesome kids ;  
Mean time the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,  
Slants upward o’er the scene a parting gleam :  
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,  
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain ;  
To western worlds irrevocable roll’d, 326  
Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

HERE interposing I.—“ Oh QUEEN of men !  
“ Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights  
“ Equal they live ; tho’ plac’d, for common good,  
“ Various, or in subjection or command ; 331  
“ And that by common choice : alas ! the scene,  
“ With

" With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,  
 " Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."  
 Thus SHE pursu'd.—Near this great æra, ROME 335  
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,  
 That now her vitals gain'd : still more and more  
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,  
 And war with chains and desolation charg'd.  
 From an unequal ballance of her sons 340  
 These fierce contentions sprung; and as increas'd  
 This hated inequality, more fierce  
 They flam'd to tumult: INDEPENDENCE fail'd ;  
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;  
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk, 345  
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.  
 A last attempt, too late the GRACCHI made,  
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.  
 On one side swell'd *Aristocratic* Pride ;  
 With Usury, the Villain ! whose fell gripe 350  
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul ;  
 And luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,  
 Mother of vice ! While on the other crept  
 A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd ;  
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355  
 As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,  
 Deserting friends at need; and dupe'd by foes ;  
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd  
 Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,  
 Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand. 360

THIS



THIS firm Republic, that against the blast  
Of opposition rose ; that (like an oak,  
Nurs'd on feracious *Algidum*, whose boughs  
Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)  
By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself, 365  
Even force and spirit drew ; smit with the calm,  
The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pine'd.  
Nought now her weighty legions could oppose ;  
Her \* terror once, on *Afric's* tawny shore,  
Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves ; 370  
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.  
Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd East,  
In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,  
That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst  
For the false joys which Luxury prepares. 375  
Unworthy joys ! that wasteful leave behind  
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,  
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;  
At once involving in one ruin wealth,  
And wealth-acquiring powers : while stupid Self, 380  
Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense  
Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.  
Hence *Roman* virtue slacken'd into sloth ;  
Security relax'd the softening state ;  
And the broad eye of government lay clos'd. 385  
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,  
And public weal no more : but party rage'd ;

\* CARTHAGE.

And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,  
 Let Discord thro' the deathful city loose.  
 First, mild \* TIBERIUS, on thy sacred head 390  
 The Fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood  
 Had since the consuls stain'd contending ROME.  
 Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled  
 Three hundred *Romans*; with thy brother, next,  
 Three thousand more: till, into battles turn'd 395  
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,  
 The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,  
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.  
 When, half-asham'd, CORRUPTION's thievish Arts,  
 And ruffian Force begin to sap the mounds 400  
 And majesty of laws; if not in time  
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong  
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus Luxury, Dissension, a mix'd Rage  
 Of boundless Pleasure and of boundless Wealth, 405  
 Want wishing Change, and Waste repairing War,  
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,  
 Guilt unatton'd, profuse of blood Revenge,  
 CORRUPTION all avow'd, and lawless Force,  
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state. 410  
 Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head  
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd  
 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast

\* TIB. GRACCHUS.

Com-

Combin'd in various storm, and from its base  
The broad REPUBLIC tore. By Virtue built 415  
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth  
An ample roof : by Virtue too sustain'd,  
And balanc'd steady, every tempest fung  
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.  
But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420  
The First of mankind sunk into the Last,  
As once in Virtue, so in Vice extreme,  
This universal fabric yielded loose,  
Before Ambition still ; and thundering down,  
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425  
A conquering people, to themselves a prey,  
Must ever fall ; when their victorious troops,  
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find  
No land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, first 430  
Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,  
Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,  
(Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,  
Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name ;  
Till ROME, into an human shambles turn'd, 435  
Made deserts lovely.—Oh to well-earn'd chains  
Devoted race !—If no true ROMAN then,  
No SCÆVOLA there was, to raise for ME  
A vengeful hand : was there no father, robb'd  
Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age ? 440

No son, a witness to his hoary fire  
 In dust and gore defil'd ? No friend, forlorn ?  
 No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself ?  
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,  
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd 445  
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd ?  
 No. Sad o'er all, profound dejection sat ;  
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs :  
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back  
 Turns weak to slaughter ; or partaken guilt. 450  
 In vain from SYLLA's vanity I drew  
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,  
 And all unhop'd the commonwealth restor'd,  
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.  
 Thro' streets yet streaming from his murd'rous hand  
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd, 456  
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid ;  
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.  
 But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.  
 Ambition saw that stooping ROME could bear 460  
 A MASTER, *nor had Virtue to be free.*  
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign  
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.  
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,  
 Or of a CATALINE, or \* RULLUS, swell'd 465

\* PUB. SERVILIUS RULLUS, tribune of the people, proposed an *Agrarian Law*, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty ; and which was defeated by the eloquence of CICERO, in his speech against RULLUS.



With fell designs ; and all the watchful art  
Of C I C E R O demanded, all the force,  
All the state-wielding magic of his tongue ;  
And all the thunder of my C A T O ' s zeal.  
With these I linger ' d ; till the flame anew      470  
Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.  
The shameful contest sprung ; to whom mankind  
Should yield the neck to P O M P E Y , who conceal ' d  
A rage impatient of an equal name ;  
Or to the nobler C Æ S A R , on whose brow      475  
O ' er daring vice deluding virtue smil ' d,  
And who no less a vain superior scorn ' d.  
Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.  
*The venal will be bought, the base have lords.*  
To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves ;      480  
And from *Philippi's* field, from where in dust  
The last of *Romans*, matchless B R U T U S ! lay,  
Spread to the north untam ' d a rapid wing.

W H A T tho ' the first smooth C Æ S A R S arts care ' s ' d,  
Merit, and virtue, simulating M E ?      485  
Severely tender ! cruelly humane !  
The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit  
On the new-broken still ferocious state.  
From the dark \* *Third*, succeeding, I beheld  
Th ' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth      490  
Vindictive, sent the scourge of human-kind !

\* T I B E R I U S .

Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;  
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace;  
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop  
 Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame, 495  
 To that of \* PÆTUS in the peaceful bath,  
 Or ROME's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.  
 But almost just the meanly-patient death,  
 That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.  
 TITUS indeed gave one short evening gleam; 500  
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread  
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men!  
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand  
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;  
 TRAJAN and HE, with the MILD † SIRE and SON, 505  
 His son of virtue! eas'd awhile mankind;  
 And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.  
 Then was their last effort: what Sculpture rais'd  
 To TRAJAN's glory, following triumphs stole;  
 And mix'd with *Gothic* forms, (the chissel's shame) 510  
 On that triumphal ‡ arch, the forms of GREECE.

\* THRASEA PÆTUS, put to death by *Nero*. TACITUS introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—“After having  
 “inhumanly slaughter'd so many illustrious men, he (*Nero*) burn'd  
 “at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the per-  
 “son of THRASEA,” &c.

† ANTONINUS PIUS, and his adopted son MARCUS AURELIUS, afterwards called ANTONINUS PHILOSOPHUS.

‡ CONSTANTINE's arch, to build which, that of TRAJAN was destroyed, Sculpture having been then almost intirely lost.

MEAN-

MEAN-TIME o'er rocky *Thrace*, and the deep vales  
Of gelid *Hæmus*, I pursu'd my flight;

And, piercing farthest *Scythia*, westward swept  
† *Sarmatia*, travers'd by a thousand streams. 515

A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,  
Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,  
And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;

Where nature frowns: tho' sometimes into smiles  
She softens; and immediate, at the touch 520

Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe  
Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.

But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven  
Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,

Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost, 525  
Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.

Yet there life glows; the furry millions there  
Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows:

And there a race of men prolific swarms,  
To various pain, to little pleasure us'd; 530

On whom, keen-parching, beat *Riphean* winds;  
Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,

The nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,  
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;

Till from almost perpetual night they broke, 535  
As if in search of day; and o'er the banks

† The ancient *Sarmatia* contained a vast tract of country,  
running all along the north of *Europe* and *Asia*.

Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,  
 Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by ME.

LONG in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds  
 Of Freedom lay, for many a wintry age; 540  
 And tho' my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,  
 Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.  
 Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.  
 I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes  
 Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545  
 Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;  
 So Arts, and each good Genius in my train,  
 I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

IN the bright regions there of purest day,  
 Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 550  
 Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.  
 All beauty here below, to them compar'd,  
 Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,  
 Shrink up its blossom: like a bubble break  
 The passing poor magnificence of kings. 555  
 For there the KING OF NATURE, in full blaze,  
 Calls every splendor forth; and there his court  
 Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:  
 Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,  
 Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560  
 But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds



A light too keen for mortals ; wraps a view  
Too softening far, for those that here in dust  
Must chearful toil out their appointed years.  
A sense of higher life would only damp 565  
The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.  
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble Man,  
With vigour thro' this infant-being drudge ;  
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliss  
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind. 570



B R I T A I N:

Being the ~~FOURTH~~ PART of

L I B E R T Y.

A

P O E M.

The CONTENTS of PART IV.

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# LIBERTY.

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## PART IV.

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STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd.

“ Ah, GODDESS, what a change ! Is earth the  
“ same ?

“ Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds ?

“ And does the same fair sun, and ether spread

“ Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul ? 5

“ Lo ! beauty fails ; lost in unlovely forms

“ Of little pomp, magnificence no more

“ Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile :

“ While to rapacious interest Glory leaves

“ Mankind, and every grace of life is gone.” 10

To this the POWER, whose vital radiance calls  
From the brute-mass of man an order'd world.

“ WAIT

" WAIT till the morning shines, and from the depth  
 " Of *Gothic* darkness springs another day.  
 " True, Genius droops ; the tender ancient taste 15  
 " Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,  
 " But faintly trembles thro' the callous soul ;  
 " And Grandeur, or of morals, or of life,  
 " Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.  
 " Even cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20  
 " And aged Life to deem the generous deeds  
 " Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought  
 " Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep  
 " Thro' nature's works, in profitable arts,  
 " And all that calm Experience can disclose, 25  
 " (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew  
 " Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd ;  
 " And, where MY SPIRIT wakes the finer powers,  
 " *Athenian* laurels still afresh shall bloom."

OBLIVIOUS ages pass'd ; while earth, forsook 30  
 By her best GENII, lay to DEMONS foul,  
 And unchain'd FURIES, an abandon'd prey.  
 CONTENTION led the van ; first small of size,  
 But soon dilating to the skies she tow'rs :  
 Then, wide as air, the livid FURY spread, 35  
 And high her head above the stormy clouds,  
 She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds  
 With wild furies, battlings, sounds of war ;  
 From land to land the mad'ning trumpet blew,  
 And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man. 40  
 Shook

Shook to the pole, the North obey'd her call.  
Forth rush'd the bloody *POWER OF GOTHIC WAR*,  
War against human-kind : *RAPINE*, that led  
Millions of raging robbers in his train :  
Unlistening, barbarous *FORCE*, to whom the sword 45  
Is reason, honour, law : the *FOE OF ARTS*  
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,  
That claim'd their place. Outragious mix'd with these  
Another species of \* tyrannic rule,  
Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd 50  
Th' envenom'd soul ; a wilder *FURY*, *SHE*  
Even o'er her † *ELDER SISTER* tyranniz'd ;  
Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.  
Dire was her train, and loud : the *SABLE BAND*,  
Thundering,—“ Submit, ye Laity ! Ye prophane ! 55  
“ Earth is the *LORD's*, and therefore *OURS* ; let kings  
“ Allow the common claim, and half be theirs ;  
“ If not, behold ! the sacred lightning flies :”  
*SCHOLASTIC DISCORD*, with an hundred tongues,  
For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60  
Where frighted reason never yet could dwell :  
Of peremptory feature, *CLERIC PRIDE*,  
Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears ;  
And *HOLY SLANDER*, his associate firm,  
On whom the *Lying Spirit* still descends : 65  
Mother of tortures ! *PERSECUTING ZEAL*,  
High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,

\* Church-power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

† Civil tyranny.

Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood ;  
 Hell's fiercest fiend ! of faintly brow demure,  
 Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70  
 While she beneath the<sup>d</sup> blasphemous pretence  
 Of pleasing PARENT HEAVEN, the *Source of Love* !  
 Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,  
 Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,  
 And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75  
 Came idiot SUPERSTITION ; round with ears  
 Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms  
 With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant  
 To charm or scare the simple into slaves,  
 And poison reason ; gross, She swallows all, 80  
 The most absurd believing ever most.  
 Broad o'er the whole her universal night,  
 The gloom still doubling, IGNORANCE diffus'd.

NOUGHT to be seen, but visionary monks  
 To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds ; 85  
 \* Banditti Saints, disturbing distant lands ;  
 And unknown nations, wandering for a home.  
 All lay revers'd : the sacred arts of rule  
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,  
 And arts of plunder more and more avow'd ; 90  
 † Pure plain Devotion to a solemn farce ;  
 To holy dotage Virtue, even to guile,.

\* Crusades.

† The corruptions of the church of Rome.



To murder, and a mockery of oaths ;  
Brave ancient Freedom to the \* Rage of Slaves,  
Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains ; 95  
Dishonour'd Courage to the † Bravo's trade,  
To civil broil, and Glory to romance.  
Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,  
And giddy Reason totter'd on her throne.

At last HEAVEN's best inexplicable scheme,      100  
Disclosing, bade new-brightening æras smile.  
The high command gone forth, ARTS in my train,  
And azure-mantled SCIENCE, swift WE spread  
A founding pinion. Eager pity, mixt  
With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.      105  
On *Latium* first we stoop'd, for doubtful life  
That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.  
Ah poor *Italia* ! what a bitter cup  
Of vengeance hast thou drain'd ? *Goths, Vandals, Huns,*  
*Lombards*, barbarians broke from every land,      110  
How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld ?  
What horrid jargons hear'd, where rage alone  
Was all the frightened ear could comprehend ?  
How frequent by the red inhuman hand,  
Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,      115  
Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen  
To violation dragg'd, and mingled death ?

\* Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

† Duelling.

What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,  
 Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;  
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains 120  
 Of wretches forth to nature's common cast?  
 Added to these the still-continued waste  
 Of \* inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,  
 And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.  
 Where had'st thou treasures for this rapine all? 125  
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,  
 Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage  
 Wonders of art; whence this grey scene a mine  
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,  
 Where *Egypt, Greece, and Rome*, united glow. 130

HERE SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE,  
 bent

From ancient models to restore their arts,  
 Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

AMID the hoary ruins Sculpture first,  
 Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp, 135  
 Their grave for ages, bid her marble race  
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,  
 And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,  
 As she the pleasing resurrection saw.  
 In leaning site, respiring from his toils, 140  
 The well-known † Hero, who delivered *Greece*,

\* The Hierarchy.

† The *Hercules of Farnese*.

His ample chest, all tempested with force,  
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,  
Breathing the hero, small, of *Grecian* size,  
Scarce more extensive than the finewy neck; 145  
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;  
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd  
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.  
The yellow hunter, *Meleager*, rais'd  
His beauteous front, and thro' the finish'd whole 150  
Shows what ideas smil'd of old in *Greece*.  
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth  
The \* Gladiator. Pityless his look,  
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,  
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155  
The † Dying Other from the gloom she drew.  
Supported on his shortened arm he leans,  
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,  
Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath  
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lows, 160  
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,  
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.  
All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate *Python*, came  
The ‡ Quivered God. In graceful act he stands,  
His arm extended with the slackened bow. 165  
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays  
A manly-softened form. The bloom of Gods  
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.

\* The Fighting Gladiator.

† The Dying Gladiator.

‡ The *Apollo* of *Belvidere*.

His features yet heroic ardor warms ;  
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170  
 Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,  
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.  
 On *Flora* mov'd ; her full-proportion'd limbs  
 Rise thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.  
 The \* Queen of Love arose, as from the deep 175  
 She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.  
 Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside  
 Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix  
 Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense  
 Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love. 180  
 The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,  
 As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.  
 So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,  
 That the deluded eye the marble doubts.  
 At last her utmost † Masterpiece she found, 185  
 That ‡ *Maro* fir'd ; the miserable fire,  
 Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.  
 The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds  
 Inextricable tie. Such passion here,  
 Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190  
 Seem so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,

\* The *Venus* of *Medici*.

† The groupe of *Laocoon* and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

‡ See *Æneid* II. ver. 199—227.

That



That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.  
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,  
That ever *Greece* beheld ; and, seen alone,  
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize :      195  
The father's double pangs, both for himself  
And sons convuls'd ; to Heaven his rueful look,  
Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast ;  
His fell despair with indignation mixt,  
As the strong-curling monsters from his side      200  
His full-extended fury cannot tear.  
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons  
All the soft rage of younger passions show.  
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd ;  
While, yet unpierc'd, the frightened other tries      205  
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

SHE bore no more, but strait from *Gothic* rust  
Her chissel clear'd, and \* dust and fragments drove  
Impetuous round. Successive as it went  
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,      210  
From the brute-rock it call'd the breathing form ;  
Till, in a legislator's awful grace  
Drest, *Buonaroti* † bid a *Moses* rise,  
And, looking love immense, a † SAVIOUR-GOD.

\* It is reported of *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, the most celebrated master of modern Sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

† Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern Sculpture.

OF

OF These observant, PAINTING felt the fire 215  
 Burn inward. Then extatic she diffus'd  
 The canvass, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand  
 The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse  
 Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.  
 Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220  
 Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste,  
 That had for ages scar'd in cloisters dim  
 The superstitious herd: yet glorious then  
 Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay  
 The future wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225  
 And a new light and grace o'er *Europe* cast.  
 Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging This  
 To each his portion of her various gifts  
 The GODDESS dealt, to none indulging all;  
 No, not to *Raphael*. At kind distance still 230  
 Perfection stands, like Happiness, to tempt  
 Th' eternal chace. In elegant design  
 Improving nature; in ideas fair,  
 Or great, extracted from the fine antique;  
 In attitude, expression, airs divine; 235  
 Her sons of *Rome* and *Florence* bore the prize.  
 To those of *Venice* she the magic art  
 Of colours melting into colours gave.  
 Theirs too it was by one embracing mass  
 Of light and shade, that settles round the whole, 240  
 Or varies tremulous from part to part,  
 O'er all a binding harmony to throw,  
 To

To raise the picture, and repose the sight.  
The \* *Lombard* school succeeding, mingled both.

MEAN-TIME dread Fanes, and Palaces, around, 245  
Rear'd the magnific front. MUSIC again  
Her universal language of the heart  
Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,  
To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

EVEN bigots smil'd; to their protection took 250  
ARTS not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:  
For in a Tyrant's garden these awhile  
May bloom, tho' Freedom be their parent soil.

AND now confest, with gently-growing gleam,  
The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.  
The MUSE awoke. Not sooner on the wing 256  
Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,  
Untaught and wild, yet warbling thro' the woods  
Romantic lays. But as her northern course  
She, with her tutor SCIENCE, in MY train, 260  
Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew:  
While Reason drew the plan, the Heart inform'd  
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

ROME and her circling deserts cast behind,  
I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265

\* The school of the *Caracci*.

ON \* *Arno's* fertile plain, where the rich vine  
 Luxuriant o'er *Etrurian* mountains roves,  
 Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,  
 I † small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they !  
 Had social Freedom bound their Peace, and Arts, 270  
 Instead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,  
 Employ'd their little cares, and fav'd their fate.

BEYOND the rugged *Apennines*, that roll  
 Far thro' *Italian* bounds their weavy tops,  
 My path too I with public blessings strow'd : 275  
 Free states and cities, where the *Lombard* plain,  
 In spite of culture negligent and gross,  
 From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,  
 And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

THE barren rocks themselves beneath My FOOT,  
 Relenting bloom'd on the *Ligurian* shore. 281  
 ‡ Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd  
 Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,  
 Which Nature left in her || destroying rage,

\* The river *Arno* runs through *Florence*.

† The republics of *Florence*, *Pisa*, *Lucca*, and *Sienna*. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, except it be *Lucca*, which still maintains the form of a republic.

‡ The *Genoese* territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the *Apennine* rocks and mountains.

|| According to Dr *Burnet's* system of the deluge.

Made



Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands. 285  
There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill  
Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,  
By ME proud *Genoa's* marble turrets rose.  
And while MY genuine Spirit warm'd her sons,  
Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, she 290  
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,  
Ere BRITAIN yet had opened all the main.

NOR be the then \* triumphant state forgot ;  
Where †, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,  
Inspir'd by ME, thro' the dark ages kept 295  
Of MY old *Roman* flame some sparks alive :  
The seeming god-built city ! which MY hand  
Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.  
Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,  
Around the sea-girt walls, by *Neptune* fenc'd, 300  
And down the briny street ; where on each hand,  
Amazing seen amid unstable waves,  
The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,  
The green steps marking, murmur at the door.  
To this fair Queen of *Adria's* stormy gulf, 305

\* *Venice* was the most flourishing city in *Europe*, with regard to trade, before the passage to the *East Indies* by the *Cape of Good Hope*, and *America*, were discovered.

† Those who fled to some marshes in the *Adriatic* gulf, from the desolation spread over *Italy* by an irruption of the *Huns*, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

The

The Mart of nations ! long, obedient seas  
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East.  
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse  
 (Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)  
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose. 310  
 The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,  
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,  
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :  
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease  
 They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315  
 Thus *Venice* fainter shines ; and Commerce thus,  
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.  
 Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took  
 \* A larger circle ; found another † seat,  
 Opening a thousand ports, and charm'd with toil, 320  
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

THE Mountains then, clad with eternal snow,  
 Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,  
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,  
 I planted there a ‡ League of friendly states, 325  
 And bade plain Freedom their ambition be.  
 There in the Vale, where rural Plenty fills,  
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,  
 § Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*,

\* The Main Ocean.

† Great Britain.

‡ The Swiss Cantons.

§ Geneva, situated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a small state, but  
 noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty

Rare to be seen ! unguilty cities rise,      330  
 Cities of brothers form'd : while equal Life,  
 Accorded gracious with revolving Power,  
 Maintains them free ; and, in their happy streets,  
 Nor cruel deed, nor misery is known.  
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life,      335  
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,  
 Not only give the dreadful *Alps* to smile,  
 And press their culture on retiring snows ;  
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,  
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss      340  
 Of mercenary force, how to defend  
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,  
 And the proud arm of *Bourbon* to defy.

    EVEN, chear'd by ME, their shaggy mountains  
         charm,  
 More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* plains ;      345  
 And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,  
 \* Pines to behold their *Alpine* views again :  
 The hollow-winding stream : the vale, fair-spread  
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills ;  
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs :  
 From steep to steep ascending, the gay train      351

\* The *Swifts*, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the *Swifts sickness*.

Of fogs, thick roll'd into romantic shapes :  
 The sitting cloud, against the summit dash'd ;  
 And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright  
 A gemmy shower : hung o'er amazing rocks, 355  
 The mountain-ash, and solemn-founding pine :  
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,  
 Down to the clear ethereal lake below :  
 And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,  
 The mountain fading into sky ; where shines 360  
 On winter winter shivering, and whose top  
 Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

FROM these descending, as I wav'd My course  
 O'er vast *Germania*, the ferocious nurse  
 Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365  
 I gave some favour'd \* cities there to lift  
 A nobler brow, and thro' their swarming streets,  
 More busy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,  
 In each contented face to look my soul.

THENCE the loud *Baltic* passing, black with storm,  
 To wintry *Scandinavia*'s utmost bound ; \* 371  
 There, I the manly † race, the parent-hive  
 Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state  
 More regularly free. By keener air  
 Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost, 375  
 Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those

\* The *Hans Towns*.† The *Swedes*.

Whose



\* Whose only terror was a bloodless death,  
They wise and dauntless, still sustain my cause.  
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,  
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380

HERE, with the shifted Vision, burst my joy.  
" O the dear prospect ! O majestic view !  
" See BRITAIN'S empire ! Lo ! the watry vast  
" Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.  
" And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,  
" Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn 386  
" My kindred cliffs ; whence, wafted in the gale,  
" Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.  
" GODDESS, forgive !—My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows  
" With filial fondness for the land you blest." 390  
As parents to a child complacent deign  
Approvance, the CELESTIAL BRIGHTNESS smild ;  
Then thus—As o'er the wave-resounding deep,  
To my near reign, the happy Isle, I steer'd  
With easy wing ; behold ! from surge to surge, 395  
Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP.  
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung ;  
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head ;  
And ready thunder reddened in his hand,  
Or from it stream'd compress'd the gloomy cloud. 400  
Where'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.  
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook

\* See note on verse 678.

From shore to shore, in agitation dire,  
 It works his dreadful will. To me his voice 404  
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,  
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)  
 Address'd, began—" By Fate commission'd, go,  
 " My SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon blest Isle,  
 " Henceforth the Partner of my rough domain.  
 " All my dread walks to BRITONS open lie. 410  
 " Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,  
 " Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse  
 " Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;  
 " Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise  
 " In billows rolling into *Alps* of ice, 415  
 " Even, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs  
 " The vast *Pacific*; that on other worlds,  
 " Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.  
 " Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;  
 " Nor *Alexanders* me, nor *Cæsars* brav'd. 420  
 " Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail  
 " Till now low crept; and peddling Commerce ply'd  
 " Between near-joining lands. For BRITONS, chief,  
 " It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,  
 " To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd 425  
 " To distant nations thro' the pathless main.  
 " Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,  
 " Long months from land, while the black stormy  
 " night  
 " Around them rages, on the groaning mast  
 " With unshook knee to know their giddy way; 430  
 " To

“ To sing, unquell’d, amid the lashing wave ;  
“ To laugh at danger,    Theirs the triumph be,  
“ By deep Invention’s keen pervading eye,  
“ The heart of Courage, and the hand of Toil,  
“ Each conquer’d ocean staining with their blood, 435  
“ Instead of treasure robb’d by ruffian war,  
“ Round social earth to circle fair exchange,  
“ And bind the nations in a golden chain.  
“ To these I honour’d stoop.    Rushing to light  
“ A race of men behold ! whose daring deeds    440  
“ Will in renown exalt my nameless plains  
“ O’er those of fabling earth, as her’s to mine  
“ In terror yield.    Nay could my savage heart  
“ Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul  
“ Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb, 445  
“ And might in spite of me my kingdom force.”  
Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy Power  
Eas’d the dark sky, and to the deeps return’d :  
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,  
Auspicious, shook opponent *Gallia’s* shore.    450

Of this encounter glad, My way to land  
I quick pursu’d, that from the smiling sea  
Receiv’d Me joyous.    Loud acclaims were heard ;  
And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill’d  
With pleas’d astonishment the lab’ring hind,    455  
Who for a while th’ unfinish’d furrow left,  
And let the listening steer forget his toil.  
Unseen by grosser eye, *BRITANNIA* breath’d,

And her Aerial train, these sounds of joy,  
 For of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460  
 Urg'd by Almighty Power, this favour'd isle  
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,  
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,  
 Its Guardian SHE—The GODDESS, whose staid eye  
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn. 465  
 Her tresses, like a flood of softened light  
 Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.  
 Warm on her cheek sits Beauty's brightest rose.  
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace  
 With every motion. Full her rising chest ; 470  
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,  
 Charm'd Sculpture taking might improve her art.  
 Such the fair Guardian of an isle that boasts,  
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.  
 High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475  
 Awaiting ME, she stood ; with hope inflam'd,  
 By my mixt Spirit burning in her sons,  
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

THE NATIVE GENII, round her, radiant smil'd.  
 COURAGE, of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480  
 Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,  
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child ;  
 But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,  
 No lion springs more eager to his prey :  
 Blood is a pastime ; and his heart, elate, 485  
 Knows no depressing fear. THAT VIRTUE known  
 By



By the relenting look, whose equal heart  
For others feels, as for another self:  
Of various name, as various objects wake,  
Warm into action, the kind sense within : 490  
Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,  
The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,  
The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,  
And the grey second infancy of age,  
She gives in public families to live, 495  
A sight to gladden HEAVEN ! whether She stands  
Fair beck'ning at the hospitable gate,  
And bids the stranger take repose and joy :  
Whether, to solace honest labour, She  
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice : 500  
Or whether to Philosophy, and Arts,  
(At once the basis and the finish'd pride  
Of government and life) She spreads her hand ;  
Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,  
Doubling her bounty, that She gives at all. 505  
JUSTICE to these her awful presence join'd,  
The mother of the state ! No low revenge,  
No turbid passions in her breast ferment :  
Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,  
As the last woe that can afflict mankind, 510  
She punishment awards ; yet of the good  
More piteous still, and of the suffering whole  
Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,  
That, in his judging Peers, each on himself  
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land ! 515

Where

Where reigns alone this justice of the Free !  
 'Mid the bright groupe SINCERITY his front,  
 Diffusive, rear'd ; his pure, untroubled eye  
 The fount of truth. The THOUGHTFUL POWER,  
                   apart,

Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,       520  
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.

The Genius He whence BRITAIN shines supreme,  
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.

He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,  
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd :       525

Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,  
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.

Near him RETIREMENT, pointing to the shade,  
 And INDEPENDENCE stood : the generous Pair,

That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,       530  
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul,

To cates prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd,  
 Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,

And to the heart-embitter'd joys of Slaves.

Or should the latter, to the public scene       535  
 Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while ;

Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce  
 His zeal, still active for the common-weal ;

Nor stormy Tyrants, nor Corruption's tools,

Foul ministers, dark-working by the force       540  
 Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,

Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,

He

He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray  
His plunder'd country, or his power resign,  
A moment's parley were eternal shame :      545  
Illustrious into private life again,  
From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,  
And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,  
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.  
Aloof the BASHFUL VIRTUE hover'd coy,      550  
Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.  
Rough LABOUR clos'd the train : and in his hand  
Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,  
Came manly INDIGNATION. Sour he seems,  
And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd ;      555  
Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there  
No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall :  
Even in the very luxury of rage,  
He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;  
The nerve, support, and glory of the land !      560  
Nor by RELIGION, rational, and free,  
Here pass'd in silence ; whose enraptur'd eye  
Sees heaven with earth connected, human things  
Link'd to divine : who not from servile fear,  
By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit.      565  
The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a heart  
Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe  
That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm  
Of fearless confidence that smiles serene ;  
That lives devotion, one continual hymn,      570  
And then most grateful, when HEAVEN'S bounty most  
Is

Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful Power  
O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I JOY'D to join the VIRTUES whence my reign  
O'er ALBION was to rise. Each chearing each, 575  
And, like the circling planets from the sun,  
All borrowing beams from ME, a heighten'd zeal  
Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,  
Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time  
Pass'd not in mutual hails; but, thro' the land 580  
Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

THE VIRTUES conquer with a single look.  
Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,  
Live in their presence, stream in every glance,  
That the foul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, 585  
Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.  
Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppose our reign  
Would still from us deluded mortals wrap;  
Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,  
Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix 590  
Falseness and truth confounded, foil the sense  
With vain refracted images of bliss.  
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings  
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall  
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595  
Secure the throne. No savage *Alp*, the den  
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,  
That vex the swain and waste the country round,  
Protected



Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.  
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray. 600  
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,  
The prowling race retire ; so, pierc'd severe,  
Before our potent blaze these DEMONS fly,  
And all their works dissolve——The whisper'd Tale,  
That, like the fabling *Nile*, no fountain knows— 605  
Fair-fac'd deceit, whose wily conscious eye  
Ne'er looks direct—The Tongue that licks the dust,  
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting ;  
Smooth crocodile Destruction, whose fell tears  
Ensnare—The *Janus* face of courtly Pride ; 610  
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,  
On hapless worth the other scouls disdain—  
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,  
Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush—The Laugh  
Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart, 615  
At starving Virtue, and at Virtue's Fools—  
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith ;  
Nay more, the Godless Oath, that knows no ties—  
Soft-buzzing Slander ; filky moths, that eat  
An honest name—The harpy hand, and maw, 620  
Of avaritious Luxury ; who makes  
The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,  
And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark from \* *Celtic* night  
To present grandeur how my BRITAIN rose. 625

\* GREAT BRITAIN was peopled by the *Celts* or *Gauls*.

BOLD were those BRITONS who, the careless sons  
 Of Nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once  
 Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,  
 And the gay circle of their woodland wars :  
 For by the † *Druid* taught, that death but shifts 630  
 The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd ;  
 And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare  
 An ill-sav'd life, that must again return.  
 Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,  
 And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdu'd, 635  
 Man knows no master save creating HEAVEN,  
 Or such as choice and common good ordain.  
 This general sense, with which the nations I  
 Promiscuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intense,  
 Of future times prophetic. Witness, *Rome*, 640  
 Who saw'st thy *Cæsar*, from the naked land,  
 Whose only fort was *British* hearts, repell'd,  
 To seek *Pharsalian* wreaths. Witness, the toil,  
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,  
 Beneath an ‡ Empire's yoke, a stubborn isle, 645  
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.  
 The § North remain'd untouch'd, where those who  
 scorn'd

† The *Druids*, among the ancient *Gauls* and *Britons*, had the care and direction of all religious matters.

‡ The *Roman* empire.

§ *Caledonia*, inhabited by the *Scots* and *Picts*; whither a great many *Britons*, who would not submit to the *Romans*, retired.

To stoop retir'd ; and, to their keen effort  
Yielding at last, recoil'd the *Roman* power.  
In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650  
From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd  
The † wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,  
While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.  
Continual o'er it burst the ‡ Northern Storm,  
As often, check'd, receded ; threatening hoarse 655  
A swift return. But the devouring flood  
No more endur'd controul, when to support  
The last § remains of empire, was recall'd  
The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay  
Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660  
Great proof ! how men enfeeble into slaves.  
|| The sword behind him flash'd ; before him roar'd,  
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around

† The wall of *Severus*, built upon *Adrian's* rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the *Tyne* to *Solway* frith.

‡ Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

§ The *Roman* empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, *Britain* was for ever abandoned by the *Romans* in the year 426 or 427.

|| The Britons applying to *Ælius* the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition—"We know  
" not which way to turn us. The barbarians drive us to sea,  
" and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which  
" we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallow-  
" ed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."

He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,  
 As when \* *Caractacus* to battle led 665  
*Silurian* swains, and † *Boadicea* taught  
 Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

THEN (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that hears  
 The *German* ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,  
 And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd *Saxon* came. 670  
 He came implor'd, but came with other aim  
 Than to protect. For conquest and defence  
 Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race  
 Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,  
 Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd. 675  
 Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;  
 And immature, and red with glorious wounds,  
 Unpeaceful death their choice: § deriving thence  
 A right

\* King of the *Silures*, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general *Great Britain* had ever produced. The *Silures* were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the *Britons*: they inhabited *Herefordshire*, *Radnorshire*, *Brecknockshire*, *Monmouthshire*, and *Glamorganshire*.

† Queen of the *Iceni*: her story is well known.

§ It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them, (the *Goths*) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves



A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,  
In *Odin's* hall ; whose blazing roof resounds      680  
The genial uproar of those shades, who fall  
In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt ;  
And tho' more polish'd times the martial Creed  
Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.  
Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.      685  
Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,  
The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,  
And matchless Orders, the deep basis still  
On which ascends my *BRITISH REIGN*. Untam'd  
To the refining subtleties of slaves,      690  
They brought an happy government along ;  
Form'd by that Freedom, which, with secret voice,  
Impartial Nature teaches all her sons,  
And which of old thro' the whole *Scythian* Mass  
I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,      695  
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise  
Of each harmonious power : only, too much,

to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of *Odin*, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain ; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Essay on Heroic Virtue.*

L 2

Imperious

Imperious war into their rule infus'd,  
Prevail'd their General-King, and Chieftain-Thanes,

IN many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700  
Bled the discordant \* *Heptarchy*; and long  
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;  
Ere, blood cemented, *Anglo Saxons* saw  
† *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm 705  
Of brighter days, when lo! the North anew,  
With stormy nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd  
Woes the severest e'er a people felt.  
The *Danish* ‡ *Raven*, lur'd by annual prey,  
Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710  
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore  
The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,  
Far seen, the Demon of devouring flame;  
Rapine, and Murder, all with blood besmear'd,

\* The seven kingdoms of the *Anglo-Saxons*. considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general, or *Wittenagemet*.

† *Egbert* king of *Wessex*, who after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the *Heptarchy* under his dominion, was the first king of *England*.

‡ A famous *Danish* standard was called *Resfan*, or *Raven*. The *Danes* imagined that, before a battle, the *Raven* wrought upon this standard clapt its wings, or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Without

Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart ; 71  
While close behind them march'd the fallow Power  
Of desolating *Famine*, who delights  
In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields ;  
And purple-spotted *Pestilence*, by whom  
Ev'n *Friendship* fear'd, in sickening horror sinks 720  
Each social sense and tenderness of life.  
Fixing at last, the sanguinary race  
Spread, from the *Humber's* loud-resounding shore,  
To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle maze,  
And with superior arm the *Saxon* aw'd. 725  
But *Superstition* first, and *Monkish* dreams,  
And monk-directed cloister-seeking kings,  
Had eat away his vigour, eat away  
His edge of *Courage*, and depress'd the soul  
Of conquering *Freedom*, which he once respir'd. 730  
Thus cruel ages pass'd ; and rare appear'd  
White mantled *Peace*, exulting o'er the vale,  
As when, with \* *ALFRED*, from the wilds she came  
To polic'd cities and protected plains.  
Thus by degrees the *Saxon* empire sunk, 735  
Then set intire in † *Hastings* bloody field.

\* *ALFRED* the *Great*, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of *Juries*.

† The battle of *Hastings*, in which *Harold II.* the last of the *Saxon* kings, was slain, and *William the Conqueror* made himself master of *England*.

COMPENDIOUS war! (ON BRITAIN'S glory bent,  
 So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,  
 The haughty *Norman* seiz'd at once an isle,  
 For which, thro' many a century, in vain, 740  
 The *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, had toil'd and bled.  
 Of *Gothic* nations this the final burst;  
 And, mix'd the genius of these people all,  
 Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,  
 Here the rich tide of *English* blood grew full. 745

AWHILE my Spirit slept; the land awhile,  
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.  
 Instead of \* *Edward's* equal gentle laws,  
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.  
 All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade, 750  
 Deep-stung but fearful indignation gnash'd  
 His teeth. Of Freedom, Property, despoil'd,  
 And of their bulwark, Arms; with Castles crush'd,  
 With *Ruffians* quarter'd o'er the bridled land;  
 The shivering wretches, at the † *Curfew* sound, 755  
 Dejected shrunk into their fordid beds,

\* *Edward III. the Confessor*, who reduced the *West-Saxon*,  
*Mercian*, and *Danish* laws into one body; which from that  
 time became common to all *England*, under the name of the  
*Laws of Edward*.

† The *Curfew Bell*, (from the *French Couvrefeu*) which was  
 rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the *English* to  
 put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a se-  
 vere fine.

And,



And, thro' the mournful gloom, of ancient times  
Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Even to feed  
A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:  
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,      760  
The chearful hamlet, spiry town, was given,  
And the brown \* forest roughen'd wide around.

BUT this so dead, so vile submission, long  
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame  
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.      765  
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,  
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.  
The Church, by Kings intractable and fierce,  
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,  
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,      770  
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.  
The Barons next a nobler league began,  
Both those of *English* and of *Norman* race,  
In one fraternal nation blended now,  
The nation of the Free! press'd by a † band      775  
Of Patriots, ardent as the summer's noon  
That looks delighted on, the Tyrant see!  
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears.

\* The *New Forest* in *Hampshire*; to make which, the country  
for about thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

† On the 5th of *June* 1215, King *John*, met by the Barons on  
*Runnemede*, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or *Magna*  
*Charta*.

His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,  
And gives the CHARTER, by which life indeed 780  
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

THRO' this and thro' succeeding reigns affirm'd  
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds  
Of Opposition \* hence began to blow,  
And often since have lent the country life. 785  
Before their breath Corruption's insect-blights,  
The darkening clouds of evil counsel fly;  
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,  
A pestilential ministry, they purge,  
And ventilated states renew their bloom. 790

THO' with the temper'd Monarchy here mix'd  
Aristocratic sway, the people still,  
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,  
No full protection knew. For ME reserv'd,  
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn. 795  
They crown'd my first attempt, in † senates rose,  
The

\* The league form'd by the Barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the King.

† The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires: and to a parliament called in the year following, each

The Fort of Freedom ! Slow 'till then, alone,  
Had work'd that general Liberty, that soul,  
Which generous nature breathes, and which, when left  
By ME to bondage was corrupted *Rome*,                      800  
I thro' the northern nations wide diffus'd.  
Hence many a people, fierce with Freedom, rush'd  
From the rude iron-regions of the North,  
To *Lybian* deserts swarm protruding swarm,  
And pour'd new spirit thro' a slavish world.                      805  
Yet, o'er these *Gothic* states, the King and Chiefs  
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,  
And with enormous property engross'd  
The mingled power. But on *BRITANNIA*'s shore  
Now present, I to raise MY reign began.                      810  
By raising the Democracy, the third  
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.  
Then was the full the perfect plan disclos'd  
Of *BRITAIN*'s matchless Constitution, mixt  
Of mutual checking and supporting powers,                      815  
*KING, LORDS, and COMMONS*; nor the name of  
Free  
Deserving while the Vassal-many droop'd :  
For since the moment of the whole they form,  
So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they

each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that era.

Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820  
 Mark from this period the continual proof.

WHEN Kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,  
 Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves ;  
 Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,  
 And poorly passive of insulting foes ; 825  
 Double, not prudent ; obstinate, not firm ;  
 Their mercy fear, necessity their faith ;  
 Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,  
 Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform ;  
 Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean, 830  
 To want rapacious joining shameful waste ;  
 By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd  
 To paltry schemes of absolute command,  
 To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,  
 And in a broken ruin'd people wealth : 835  
 When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,  
 No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,  
 Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost  
 To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

BUT when an \* EDWARD, and an † HENRY,  
 breath'd 840  
 Thro' the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul :  
 Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,  
 When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd :

\* Edward III.

† Henry V.



When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,  
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept 845  
Some ruling point in view : when, on the stock  
Of public good and glory grafted, spread  
Their palms, their laurels ; or, if thence they stray'd,  
Swift to return, and patient of restraint :  
When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850  
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,  
To be luxurious drones, that only rob  
The busy hive ; as in distinction, power,  
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first ;  
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855  
Superior rank ; with equal hand, prepar'd  
To guard the subject, and to quell the foe :  
When such with Me their vital influence shed,  
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard ;  
No foul distrust thro' wary senates ran, 860  
Confin'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd :  
On Aid, unquestion'd, liberal Aid was given :  
Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,  
Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd ;  
And § *Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt* proclaim 865  
What Kings supported by almighty Love,  
And People fir'd with Liberty, can do.

§ Three famous battles, gained by the *English* over the  
*French*.

BE veil'd the savage † reigns, when kindred rage  
 The numerous-once *Plantagenets* devour'd,  
 A race to vengeance vow'd ! and when, oppress'd 870  
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay  
 My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold !  
 A \* cautious Tyrant lend it oil anew.

PROUD, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,  
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875  
 His crafty views around ; pierc'd with a ray,  
 Which on his timid mind I darted full,  
 He mark'd the Barons of excessive sway,  
 † At pleasure making and unmaking kings ;  
 And hence, to crush these petty Tyrants, plann'd 880  
 ‡ A law, that let them, by the silent waste  
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,  
 And with that wealth their implicated power.  
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,  
 Even working to this day. With streams, deduc'd 885  
 From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.  
 As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd *Alps*,  
 To vernal suns relenting, pours the *Rhine* ;

† During the civil wars, betwixt the families of *York* and *Lancaster*.

\* *Henry VII.*

† The famous Earl of *Warwick*, during the reigns of *Henry VI.* and *Edward IV.* was called the *King-maker*.

‡ Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

While

While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,  
 He foams along ; but, thro' *Batavian* meads, 890  
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows ;  
 Waters a thousand fields ; and culture, trade,  
 Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,  
 A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.

His furious \* Son the soul-enslaving † chain, 895  
 Which many a doating venerable age  
 Had link by link strong twisted round the land,  
 Shook off. No longer could be born a power,  
 From HEAVEN pretended, to deceive, to void  
 Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900  
 To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind ;  
 And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea  
 Of blood, and horror. The returning light,  
 That first thro' ‡ *Wickliff* streak'd the priestly gloom,  
 Now burst in open day. Bare'd to the blaze, 905  
 || Forth from the haunts of Superstition crawl'd  
 Her motly sons, fantastic figures all ;  
 And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth  
 In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

\* *Henry VIII.*

† Of Papal dominion.

‡ *John Wickliff*, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of *Rome*, and particularly denying the Papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

|| Suppression of monasteries.

VOL. II.

M

TRADE,

TRADE, join'd to these, on every sea display'd 910  
 A daring canvass, pour'd with every tide  
 A golden flood. From other \* worlds were roll'd  
 The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,  
 By the plain *Indian* happily despis'd,  
 Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves, 915  
 Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,  
 And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,  
 Drew rage unknown to *Pagan* climes before,  
 The worst the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.  
 Be no such horrid commerce, BRITAIN, thine! 920  
 But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

THE Commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown  
 Against the Barons weigh'd. ELIZA then,  
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave  
 The beam to fix. She! like the SECRET EYE 925  
 That never closes on a guarded world,  
 So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the Public good,  
 That self-supported, without one ally,  
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.  
 Inspir'd by ME, beneath her sheltering arm, 930  
 In spite of raging † *universal Sway*  
 And raging seas repress'd, the *Belgic* states,  
 My Bulwark on the Continent, arose.  
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days!

\* The *Spanish West-Indies*.

† The dominion of the house of *Austria*.



Part IV.      *L I B E R T Y.*      135

With confidence, unbounded, fearless love      935  
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,  
 Chearful demanded the long threaten'd \* Fleet,  
 And dash'd the pride of *Spain* around their isle.  
 Nor ceas'd the *British* Thunder here to rage :  
 'The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call ;      940  
 In fire and smoke *Iberian* ports involv'd,  
 The trembling foe even to the centre shook  
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole  
 By veering winds their *Indian* treasure home,  
 Mean-time, Peace, Plenty, Justice, Science, Arts,      945  
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the Regal power,  
 And wild and vague *Prerogative* remain'd,  
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft  
 The helpless Subject lay. This to reduce      950  
 To the just limit was My great effort.

By means, that evil seem to narrow man,  
 Superior Beings work their mystic will :  
 From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,  
 At last, effulgent, o'er *BRITANNIA* smil'd.      955

THE gathering tempest, HEAVEN-commission'd  
 came,  
 Came in the † Prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt

\* The *Spanish Armada*. *Rapin* says, that after proper measures  
 had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon ala-  
 crity.

† *James I.*

His vain pacific counfels rul'd the world ;  
 Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze  
 Of fruitless treaties ; while at home enslav'd, 960  
 And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,  
 He lost his people's confidence and love :  
 Irreparable loss ! whence crowns become  
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd :  
 Triumphant *Spain* the vengeful draught enjoy'd : 965  
 Abandon'd \* *FREDERICK* pin'd, and *RALEIGH* bled.  
 But nothing that to these internal broils,  
 That rancour, he began ; while lawless Sway  
 He, with his slavish Doctors, try'd to rear  
 † On metaphysic on enchanted ground, 970  
 And all the mazy quibbles of the schools :  
 As if for One, and sometimes for the Worst,  
 HEAVEN had mankind in vengeance only made.  
 Vain the pretence ! not so the dire effect,  
 The fierce, the foolish ‡ discord thence deriv'd, 975  
 That tears the country still by party-rage  
 And ministerial clamour kept alive.  
 In action weak, and for the wordy war  
 Best fitted, faint this prince pursu'd his claim :

\* *Electer Palatine*, and who had been chosen king of *Bohemia*,  
 but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the emperor  
*Ferdinand*, while *James* the first, his father-in-law, being amused  
 from time to time, endeavoured to meditate a peace.

† The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine  
 indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

‡ The parties of *Whig* and *Tory*.

Con.

Part IV. *L I B E R T Y.* 137

Content to teach the subject-herd, how great, 980  
How sacred he ! how despicable they !

BUT his unyielding \* Son these doctrines drank,  
With all a Bigot's rage ; (who never damps  
By reasoning his fire) and what they taught,  
Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985  
Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd :  
The more they struggled to support the laws,  
His justice-dreading ministers, the more  
Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check  
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd 990  
Of false designing Guilt, the † Fountain he  
Of public Wisdom and of Justice shut.  
Wide-mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted Aid  
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,  
Th' illegal Imposition follow'd harsh, 995  
With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd  
From an insulted people, by a band  
Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.  
Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad  
Her unrelenting train : Informers, Spies, 1000  
Blood-hounds, that sturdy Freedom to the grove  
Pursue ; projectors of aggrieving schemes,  
‡ Commerce to load for unprotected seas,  
§ To sell the starving many to the few,

\* Charles I.

† Parliaments.

‡ Ship-money.

§ Monopolies.

And drain'd a thousand ways th' exhausted land. 1005  
Even from that Place, whence healing Peace should  
flow,

And gospel-truth, inhuman bigots shed  
Their \* poison round ; and on the venal bench,  
Instead of Justice, Party held the scale,  
And Violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010  
Too-patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

MID the low murmurs of submissive fear  
And mingled rage, MY HAMBDEN rais'd his voice,  
And to the Laws appeal'd ; the laws no more  
In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear. 1015  
When instant from the keen resentive North,  
By long Oppression by Religion rous'd,  
The Guardian Army came. Beneath its wing  
Was call'd, tho' meant to furnish hostile aid,  
The more than *Roman* senate. There a flame 1020  
Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.  
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*,  
Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,  
While, full of ME, each agitated soul  
Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye, 1025  
Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd !  
Such heads and hearts ! Such dreadful Zeal, led on  
By calm majestic Wisdom, taught its course

\* The raging *High Church* sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.



What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd  
With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere      1030  
To clear the weedy State, restore the Laws,  
And for the future to secure their fway.

THIS then the purpose of my mildest sons.  
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd  
(Chief, should the breath of factious Fury blow, 1035  
With the wild rage of mad Enthusiast swell'd)  
Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,  
From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix  
In heightened blaze; and, ever wise and just,  
High HEAVEN to gracious ends directs the storm. 1040  
Thus in one conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,  
And by Confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,  
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the  
ground,  
Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their ashes rose, 1044  
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the \* *Phoenix-State*.

THE grievous yoke of Vassalage, the yoke  
Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;  
And, from the † wasteful, the luxurious King,  
Was purchas'd ‡ that which taught the young to bend.  
Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the Whole,  
And built on that eternal rock their power.      1051

\* At the Restoration.

† Charles II.

‡ Court of *Wards*.

The Crown, of its hereditary wealth  
 Despoil'd, on Senates more dependent grew,  
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,  
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root, 1055  
 The Passive Doctrines, by their patrons first  
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

THIS wild delusive Cant; the rash Cabal  
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;  
 The Bigot, restless in a double chain 1060  
 To bind anew the land; the constant need  
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,  
 And flattering Senates, to supply his waste;  
 These tore some moments from the careless Prince,  
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan. 1065  
 By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;  
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;  
 By sharing what Corruption shower'd, profuse;  
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,  
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious joy,  
 On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,  
 The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,  
 Against his country brib'd by *Gallic* gold;  
 The Port \* pernicious sold, the *Scylla* since 1075  
 And fell *Charybdis* of the *British* seas;  
 Freedom attack'd † abroad, with surer blow

\* *Dunkirk.*

† The war, in conjunction with *France*, against the *Dutch*.<sup>1</sup>

To cut it off at home ; the † Saviour-League  
Of *Europe* broke ; the progress even advanc'd  
Of universal || Sway, which to reduce      1080  
Such seas of blood and treasure BRITAIN cost ;  
The millions, by a generous people given,  
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,  
And awe the land with § forces not their own,  
Employ'd ; the darling Church herself betray'd ; 1085  
All these, broad glaring, open'd the general eye,  
And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.

MILD was, at first, and half-asham'd, the check  
Of Senates, shook from the fantastic dream  
Of absolute submission, tenets vile !      1090  
Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd  
'To practice, always honest nature shock.  
Not even the mask remov'd, and the fierce front  
Of Tyranny disclos'd ; nor trampled laws ;  
Nor seiz'd each \* badge of Freedom thro' the land ;  
Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th' unpublisch'd Page ; 1096  
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,  
And murderous Rage itself, in *Jefferies'* form ;  
Nor endless acts of Arbitrary Power,  
Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.      1100  
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs

† The Triple Alliance.

|| Under *Lewis XIV.*

§ A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

\* The charters of corporations.

Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,  
 The patient public turns not, till impell'd  
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd  
 The † Bigot king, and hurry'd fated on 1105  
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,  
 Out-flaming *Rome* herself, portentous scar'd  
 The troubled nation : *Mary's* horrid days  
 To fancy bleeding rosé, and the dire glare  
 Of *Smithfield* lightened in its eyes anew. 1110  
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd  
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage :  
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,  
 Awfully still, waiting the high command  
 To spring. Strait from his country *Europe* sav'd, 1115  
 To save *BRITANNIA*, lo ! my darling Son,  
 Than hero more ! the patriot of mankind !  
 Immortal *NASSAU* came. I hush'd the deep  
 By Demons rous'd, and bad the ‡ lifted winds,  
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath, 1120  
 Waft the *DELIVERER* to the longing shore.  
 See ! wide alive, the foaming || *Channel* bright  
 With

† *James II.*

‡ The Prince of *Orange*, in his passage to *England*, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

|| *Rapin*, in his *History of England*.—The third of *November* the fleet entered the *Channel*, and lay by between *Calais* and *Dover*, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called



With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,  
 Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:  
 And mark! diffusing ardent soul around, 1125  
 And sweet contempt of death, My streaming \* flag.  
 Even adverse † navies bless'd the binding gale,  
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.  
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms  
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing ‡ host 1130  
 For once, in yielding their best victory found,  
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;  
 While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,  
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine 1135  
 The surge of wild Prerogative, to raise  
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,  
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.  
 Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state

a council of war.—It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the *English* and *French* shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

\* The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with *English* colours, and their Highnesses arms surrounded with this motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the motto of the house of *Naussa*, JE MAINTIENDRAI, *I will maintain.* RAPIN.

† The *English* fleet.

‡ The King's army.

Better

Better than *Belgian* plains without their dykes, 1146  
 Sustaining weighty seas. This, often fav'd  
 By more than human hand, the public saw,  
 And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. \* Pleas'd to  
 yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic † Prince 1144  
 Even lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know  
 Their happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.  
 What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,  
 To plunge bold Freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,  
 To drive him from the cordial face of friend;  
 Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150  
 By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights  
 To dare the keenest eye of open day.

What tho' no glory to controul the laws,  
 And make injurious Will their only rule,  
 They deem it. What tho', tools of wanton power,  
 Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call. 1156  
 What tho' they give not a relentless crew  
 Of Civil Furies, proud Oppression's fangs!  
 To tear at pleasure the dejected land,  
 With starving labour pampering idle waste. 1160  
 To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe  
 The guiltless tear from lone Affliction's eye:  
 To raise hid Merit, set th' alluring light  
 Of Virtue high to view; to nourish Arts,  
 Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165

\* By the *Bill of Rights*, and the *Act of Succession*.

† *William III.*

Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,  
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth  
Of future times to spread that better Sun  
Which lights up *British* Soul : for deeds like these,  
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ;      1170  
While (still superior bliss !) the dark abrupt  
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.  
Oh luxury divine ! O poor to this,  
Ye giddy glories of Despotic thrones !  
By this, by this indeed, is imag'd HEAVEN,      1175  
By boundless Good without the power of Ill.

AND now behold ! exalted as the cope  
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,  
And like it free, MY FABRIC stands complete,  
The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To the four heavens  
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crouds,      1181  
With Kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,  
Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks  
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads  
The sheltering roof o'er all ; while plenty flows,      1185  
And glad contentment echoes round the whole.  
Ye floods descend ! Ye winds, confirming, blow !]  
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,  
Nought but the felon undermining hand  
Of dark CORRUPTION can its frame dissolve,      1190  
And lay the toil of ages in the dust.





THE  
PROSPECT:

Being the FIFTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A  
POEM

N 2

### The CONTENTS of PART V.

**A**UTHOR addresses the GODDESS of LIBERTY, marking the happiness and grandeur of GREAT BRITAIN, as arising from HER influence; to Ver. 88. SHE resumes HER discourse, and points out the chief VIRTUES which are necessary to maintain HER ESTABLISHMENT there; to Ver. 374. Recommends, as ITS last ornament and finishing, SCIENCES, FINE ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to Ver. 549. The whole concludes with a PROSPECT of future times, given by the GODDESS of LIBERTY; this described by the author, as it passes in VISION before him,

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# LIBERTY.

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## PART V.

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**H**ERE interposing, as the GODDESS paus'd,——  
“ Oh blest BRITANNIA ! in THY presence blest,  
“ THOU guardian of mankind ! whence spring, alone,  
“ All human grandeur, happiness, and fame :  
“ For toil, by THEE protected, feels no pain ; 5  
“ The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows ;  
“ And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.  
“ Let other lands the potent blessings boast  
“ Of more exalting funs. Let *Asia's* woods,  
“ Untended, yield the vegetable fleece : 10  
“ And let the little insect-artist form,  
“ On higher life intent, its silken tomb.  
“ Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,  
“ The various-tinctur'd children of the sun.

" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15  
 " A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste  
 " Bids each combine. Let *Gallia* vineyards burst  
 " With floods of joy ; with mild balsamic juice  
 " The *Tuscan* olive. Let *Arabia* breathe  
 " Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20  
 " Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow ;  
 " And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.  
 " Let *Afric* vaunt her treasures ; let *Peru*  
 " Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,  
 " The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,— 25  
 " Unequall'd bliss !——and to unequall'd rage !  
 " Yet nor the gorgeous East, nor golden South,  
 " Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,  
 " Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,  
 " Shall with BRITANNIA vie, while, GODDESS, she  
 " Derives her praise from THEE, her matchless  
 " charms. 31  
 " Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own ;  
 " And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields  
 " Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns  
 " Her meads ; her gardens smile eternal spring. 35  
 " She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,  
 " Ardent to rush into the rapid chace :  
 " She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours  
 " Unnumber'd flocks : she weaves the fleecy robe,  
 " That wraps the nations : she, to lusty droves, 40  
 " The richest pasture spreads ; and, her's, deep-wave  
 " Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.

" These



“ These her delights : and by no baneful herb,  
“ No darting tyger, no grim lion’s glare,  
“ No fierce descending wolf, no serpent roll’d      45  
“ In spires immense progressive o’er the land,  
“ Disturb’d. Enlivening these, add cities, full  
“ Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crouds :  
“ Add thriving towns ; add villages and farms,  
“ Innumerable sow’d along the lively vale,      50  
“ Where bold unrival’d peasants happy dwell :  
“ Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks  
“ Embosom’d high, while kindred floods below  
“ Wind thro’ the mead ; and those of modern hand  
“ More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar.      55  
“ Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,  
“ Where swarm the finny race ? Thee, chief, O  
    “ *Thames !*  
“ On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,  
“ Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind ?  
“ And thee, thou *Severn*, whose prodigious swell,      60  
“ And waves, resounding, imitate the main ?  
“ Why need I name her deep capacious ports,  
“ That point around the world ? And why her seas ?  
“ All ocean is her own, and every land  
“ To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.      65  
“ She too the mineral feeds : th’ obedient Lead,  
“ The warlike Iron, nor the peaceful less,  
“ Forming of life art civiliz’d the bond ;  
“ And \* that the *Tyrian* merchant fought of old,

\* Tin.

“ Not

" Not dreaming then of BRITAIN'S brighter fame.  
 " She rears to Freedom an undaunted race : 71  
 " Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,  
 " Her's the warm CAMBRIAN : her's the lofty SCOT  
 " To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,  
 " Fir'd with a restless an impatient flame, 75  
 " That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls :  
 " And ENGLISH MERIT her's ; where meet, com-  
     " bin'd,  
 " Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,  
 " An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,  
 " And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80  
 " Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, SHE !  
 " Great nurse of men ! By THEE, O GODDESS, taught,  
 " Her old renown I trace, disclose her source  
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to BRITONS sing  
 " A strain the Muses never touch'd before." 85

" BUT *how shalt this* THY mighty KINGDOM stand?  
 " *On what unyielding base ? how finish'd shine ?*"

AT this HER eye, collecting all its fire,  
 Beam'd more than human ; and HER awful voice,  
 Majestic thus SHE rais'd—" TO BRITONS bear 90  
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note  
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."

ON VIRTUE *can alone* MY KINGDOM stand,  
 ON PUBLIC VIRTUE, EVERY VIRTUE JOIN'D.

For

For, lost this social cement of mankind, 95  
 The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,  
 Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,  
 They prone at last to total ruin rush.  
 Unblest by VIRTUE, Government a League  
 Becomes, a circling junto of the Great, 100  
 To rob by law ; Religion mild a Yoke  
 To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state  
 To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.  
 What are without IT Senates, save a face  
 Of consultation deep and reason free, 105  
 While the determin'd voice and heart are sold ?  
 What boasted Freedom, save a sounding name ?  
 And what Election, but a market vile  
 Of slaves self-barter'd ? VIRTUE ! without THEE,  
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ; 110  
 War has no vigour, and no safety peace :  
 Even justice warps to party, laws oppress,  
 Wide thro' the land their weak protection fails,  
 First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.  
 Thus nations sink, society dissolves ; 115  
 Rapine and guile and violence break loose,  
 Everting life, and turning love to gall ;  
 Man hates the face of man, and *Indian* woods  
 And *Lybia's* hissing fands to him are tame.

By those THREE VIRTUES be the frame sustain'd  
 Of BRITISH FREEDOM : INDEPENDENT LIFE ; 121  
 INTEGRITY IN OFFICE ; and, o'er all  
 Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMON-WEAL.

HAIL !

HAIL ! INDEPENDENCE, hail ! HEAVEN'S next  
best gift,

To that of life and an immortal soul !

125

The life of life ! that to the banquet high  
And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof  
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.  
Of public freedom, hail, thou secret Source !

Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form 130  
My better *Nile*, that nurses human life.

By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,  
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth  
Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight

That nature craves. Its happy master there, 135

The only free-man, walks his pleasing round :  
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;

Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all

That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;

And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd, 140  
Philosophy, companion ever-new.

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,

When into action call'd, his busy hours.

Mean-time true-judging moderate desires,

Oeconomy and Taste, combin'd, direct

145

His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends

Secure his little kingdom. Nor can these

Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach

That truce with pain, that animated ease,

That self-enjoyment springing from within ; 150

That INDEPENDENCE, active, or retir'd,

Which



Which make the soundest bliss of man below :  
But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,  
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,  
A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train, 155  
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.

Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence,  
They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.  
Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,  
See! how the hall with brutal riot flows; 160  
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,  
The country maddens into party-rage.  
Mark! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone;  
Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,  
And Nature by presumptuous Art opprest'd, 165  
The woodland genius mourns. See! the full board  
That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy :  
No Truth invited there, to feed the mind ;  
Nor Wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.  
Hark! how the dome with Insolence resounds, 170  
With those retain'd by Vanity to scare  
Repose and friends. To tyrant Fashion mark!  
The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze  
Of fools. From still delusive day to day,  
Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175  
See! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,  
Dash'd o'er the town a miserable wreck!  
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,  
With *Midas'* ears they croud; or to the buzz

Of

Of masquerade unblushing : or, to show 180  
 Their scorn of Nature, at the tragic scene  
 They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.  
 But, chief, behold ! around the rattling board,  
 The civil robbers rang'd ; and even the fair,  
 The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside, 185  
 As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops  
 In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,  
 Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,  
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,  
 At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe : 190  
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,  
 Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,  
 And for their falsehood each despising each ;  
 Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,  
 Wide flies the withered shower, and leaves him bare.  
 O far superior *Afric's* fable sons, 196  
 By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing Slaves !  
 And, rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,  
 Is he who can his Virtue boast alone !

BRITONS ! be firm !—nor let corruption fly, 200  
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !  
 The steel of *BRUTUS* burst the grosser bonds  
 By *Cæsar* cast o'er *ROME* ; but still remain'd  
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,  
 And other *Cæsars* rose. Determin'd, hold 205  
 Your INDEPENDENCE ; for that once destroy'd  
 Unfounded, FREEDOM is a morning dream,  
 That flits ærial from the spreading eye

FOR-

FORBID it HEAVEN ! that ever I need urge  
 INTEGRITY IN OFFICE ON MY sons !      210  
 Inculcate common honour—— not to rob——  
 And whom ?—the gracious the confiding hand,  
 That lavishly rewards ; the toiling poor,  
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt ;  
 The guardian public ; every face they see,      215  
 And every friend ; nay, in effect, themselves.  
 As in familiar life, the villain's fate  
 Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age  
 At this arrives, I the devoted race  
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.      220

BUT, ah too little known to modern times !  
 Be not the noblest passion past un Sung ;  
 That ray peculiar, from UNBOUNDED LOVE  
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul ;  
 DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious flame !      225  
 Celestial ardor ! in what unknown worlds,  
 Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,  
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in ROME,  
 Old virtuous ROME, so many deathless names  
 From Thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by Thee,  
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,      231  
 Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight ?  
 O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,  
 With blaze direct, on this my last retreat ?

'Tis not enough, from Self right understood      235  
 Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :

Tho' VIRTUE not disdains appeals to Self,  
 Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,  
 Nor is there any real joy save her's.  
 Far less the tepid the declaiming race, 240  
 Foes to Corruption, to its wages friends,  
 Or those whom private passions, for a while,  
 Beneath MY standard list, can they suffice  
 To raise and fix the glory of MY REIGN.

An active flood of universal Love 245  
 Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,  
 The restless spirit roves creation round,  
 And seizes every being : stronger then  
 It tends to Life, whate'er the kindred search  
 Of bliss allies : then, more collected still, 250  
 It urges Human-kind : a passion grown,  
 At last, the central Parent-Public calls  
 Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,  
 The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,  
 This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers 255  
 Than those of Self, this HEAVEN-infus'd delight,  
 This moral gravitation, rushing prone  
 To press the public Good, MY system soon,  
 Traverse to several selfish centers drawn,  
 Will reel to ruin : while for ever shut 260  
 Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

FROM fordid Self shoot up no shining deeds,  
 None of those antient lights, that gladden earth,  
 Give



Give grace to Being, and arouse the Brave  
 To just Ambition, VIRTUE's quickening fire ! 265  
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,  
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,  
 A dull gazette ! Th' impatient reader scorns  
 The poor historic page ; till kindly comes  
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270  
 Not so the times when, emulation-stung,  
 GREECE shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,  
 And ROME in Virtues dreadful to be told !  
 To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind,  
 Thro' the deep periods of devolving time, 275  
 Those, raptur'd, copy ; These, astonish'd, read.

TRUE, a corrupted state, with every vice  
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.  
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?  
 The pale inveigling smile ? The ruffian front ? 280  
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,  
 Equally vile if miser or profuse ?  
 Powers not of GOD, assiduous to corrupt ?  
 The fell deputed Tyrant, who devours  
 The poor and weak, \* at distance from redress ? 285  
 Delirious faction bellowing loud My name ?  
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?

\* Lord MOLESWORTH in his account of *Denmark* says,—  
 "It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths,  
 a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous  
 to the subjects ; whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and  
 more liable to oppression."

A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,  
 My sacred rights a merchandize alone  
 Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will 290  
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,  
 As were the dregs of *Romulus* of old ?  
 Who these indeed can undetesting see ?—  
 But who unpitying ? To the generous eye  
 Distress is Virtue ; and, tho' self-betray'd, 295  
 A people struggling with their fate must rouse  
 The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,  
 Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then !  
 Fit luxury for gods ! to save the good,  
 Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside, 300  
 Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.  
 Posterity, besides, the young are pure,  
 And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

SHOULD then the times arrive (which HEAVEN  
 avert !)

That BRITONS bend unnerv'd, not by the force 305  
 Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,  
 But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,  
 Arts impudent ! and gross ! by their own gold,  
 In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.  
 With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310  
 Should they BRITANNIA's well-fought laurels yield  
 To sily conquering *Gaul* ; even from her brow  
 Let her own naval oak be basely torn,  
 By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,

And

And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd.      315  
Or (darker prospect ! scarce one gleam behind  
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague  
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,  
That sits serene within the forest-shade ;  
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,      320  
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,  
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd  
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught.  
Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead ;  
The hir'd assassins of the common weal !      325  
Deem'd the declaiming rant of GREECE and ROME,  
Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,  
'Till Private failing staggers thro' the land ;  
'Till round the city loose mechanic Want,  
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts 330  
Of men more hideous than *Numidian* wilds,  
Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace ;  
And Murders, Horrors, Perjuries abound :  
Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop ;  
The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold ; 335  
And those on whom the vernal showers of HEAVEN  
All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,  
A power to live to Nature and Themselves,  
In sick attendance wear their anxious days,  
With fortune joyless, and with honours mean.      340  
Mean-time, perhaps, Profusion flows around,  
The Waste of War, without the Works of Peace ;  
No mark of millions in the gulf absorpt

Of uncreating Vice, none but the rage  
 Of rous'd Corruption still demanding more. 345  
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill  
 Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear  
 Her ornamented head, drill'd thro' the hands  
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse  
 A locust-band within, and in the bud 350  
 Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I PAINT the worst. But should these times arrive,  
 If any nobler passion yet remain,  
 Let all MY Sons all parties fling aside,  
 Despise their nonsense, and together join ; 355  
 Let Worth and Virtue scorning low despair,  
 Exerted full, from every quarter shine,  
 Commix'd in heightened blaze. Light flash'd to light,  
 Moral, or intellectual, more intense,  
 By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve, 360  
 Gradual, the stars effulge ; fainter, at first,  
 They, straggling, rise ; but when the radiant host,  
 In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,  
 Each casting vivid influence on each,  
 From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365  
 And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

BUT why to BRITONS this superfluous strain—  
 Good nature, honest truth even somewhat blunt,  
 Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,

A zeal



A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370  
And ready Bounty, wont to dwell with them—  
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,  
In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,  
To laurel'd SCIENCE, ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS,  
That lend MY FINISH'D FABRIC comely pride, 376  
Grandeur and grace. Of fullen genius he !  
Curs'd by the Muses ! by the graces loath'd !  
Who deems beneath the public's high regard  
These last enlivening touches of MY reign. 380  
However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,  
A nation be ; let trade enormous rise,  
Let East and South their mingled treasure pour,  
'Till swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood  
Burst o'er the city and devour the land : 385  
Yet these neglected, these recording Arts,  
Wealth rots, a nuisance ; and, oblivious sunk,  
That nation must another *Carthage* lie.  
If not by them, on monumental brass,  
On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390  
Imprest, renown had left no trace behind :  
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,  
The legislator plann'd, the hero found  
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.  
'Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath, 395  
They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,  
Give

Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,  
Delight the general eye, and, drest by them,  
The moral *Venus* glows with double charms.

SCIENCE, MY close associate, still attends 400  
Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,  
She walks the furrow with the Consul Swain,  
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,  
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe  
Of Fancy drest, she charms *Athenian* wits, 405  
And a whole sapient city round her burns.  
Then o'er her brow MINERVA's terrors nod:  
With XENOPHON, sometimes, in dire extremes,  
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes \* Retreat  
Unequall'd glory: with the *Theban* sage 410  
EPAMINONDAS, first and best of men!  
Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,  
Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,  
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before †!  
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415  
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide  
Of high-swoln Empire wears one boundless smile,

\* The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by XENOPHON.

† Epaminondas, after having beat the *Lacedemonians* and their allies, in the battle of *Leuctra*, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into *Laconia*. It was now six hundred years since the *Dorians* had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. *Plutarch in Agesilaus.*

And

And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,  
Sometimes, with *Scipio*, she collects her sail,  
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420  
Where, but th' *Aonian* Maids, no Syrens sing ;  
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,  
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,  
With *Tully* she her wide-reviving light  
To senates holds, a *Catiline* confounds, 425  
And saves a while from *Cæsar* sinking *Rome*.  
Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves  
Each mental Fetter, and sets Reason free ;  
For *me* inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,  
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430  
How happy Freeman, and how wretched Slaves.  
To *Britons* not unknown, to *Britons* full  
The Goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul  
That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts  
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world. 435  
But *finer Arts* (save what the *Muse* has sung  
In daring flight, above all modern wing)  
Neglected droop the head ; and *Public Works*,  
Broke by Corruption into private gain,  
Not ornament, disgrace ; not serve, destroy. 440

SHALL *Britons*, by their own *JOINT WISDOM*  
rul'd

Beneath one *ROYAL HEAD*, whose vital power  
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the *WHOLE* ;  
In *finer Arts*, and *Public Works*, shall they  
To

To *Gallia* yield ? yield to a land that bends, 445  
 Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of One ?  
 Of One who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,  
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,  
 Calls Locust-armies o'er the blasted land :  
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,  
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill : 451  
 To the lone desert Patriot-Merit frowns,  
 Or into dungeons Arts, when they, their chains,  
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works  
 All other Licence scorn but TRUTH's and MINE. 455  
 Oh shame to think ! shall BRITONS, in the field  
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose ?  
 Even in that † Monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,  
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flattered pride,  
 To grasp unbounded sway ; while, swarming round,  
 His armies dar'd all *Europe* to the field ; 461  
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,  
 And, that great source of treasure, subjects' blood,  
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land ;  
 From BRITAIN, chief, while MY superior sons, 465  
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,  
 And bad his agonizing heart be low :  
 Even then, as in the golden calm of peace,  
 What PUBLIC WORKS, at home, what ARTS arose !  
 What various SCIENCE shone ! what GENIUS glow'd !

† *Lewis XIV.*

'TIS



'TIS not for ME to paint, diffusive shot 471  
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road ;  
 The flood-compelling arch ; the long \* canal,  
 Thro' mountains piercing, and uniting seas ;  
 The † dome resounding sweet with infant joy, 475  
 From famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame,  
 And that † where Valour counts his noble scars ;  
 The land where social Pleasure loves to dwell,  
 Of the fierce Demon, Gothic Duel, freed ;  
 The robber from his farthest forest chas'd ; 480  
 The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,  
 Into sure peace the best police refin'd,  
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.  
 Let *Gallic* bards record, how honour'd ARTS,  
 And SCIENCE, by despotic bounty blest'd, 485  
 At distance flourish'd from MY PARENT-EYE—  
 Restoring ancient taste, how BOILEAU rose—  
 How the big ROMAN soul shook, in CORNEILLE,  
 The trembling stage—In elegant RACINE ;  
 How the more powerful tho' more humble voice 490  
 Of nature-painting GREECE, resistless, breath'd  
 The whole-awaken'd heart—How MOLIERE's scene,  
 Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,  
 Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,  
 Was life itself—To public honours rais'd, 495

\* The canal of *Languedoc*.

† The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

How learning in warm \* seminaries spread ;  
 And, more for glory than the small reward,  
 How emulation strove—How their pure tongue  
 Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms—  
 From *Rome*, awhile, how PAINTING, courted long, 500  
 With *POUSSIN* came ; Ancient Design, that lifts  
 A fairer front, and looks another soul—  
 How the kind † Art, that, of unvalu'd price,  
 The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives,  
 Refin'd her touch, and, thro' the shadowed piece, 505  
 All the live spirit of the painter pour'd—  
 Coyest of Arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd  
 A look, and bad her GIRARDON arise—  
 How lavish grandeur blaz'd ; the barren waste,  
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510  
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades—  
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,  
 How forests in majestic gardens smil'd—  
 How menial Arts, by their gay Sisters taught,  
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd  
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn, 516  
 The palace chear'd, illum'd the story'd wall,  
 And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom ‡.

THESE laurels, LOUIS, by the droppings rais'd  
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade, 520

\* The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

† Engraving. ‡ The tapestry of the Gobelins.

And,

And, green thro' future times, shall bind thy brow ;  
While the vain honours of perfidious war  
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.  
With what prevailing vigour had they shot,  
And stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525  
Of war-sunk millions fed ? Superior still,  
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,  
In BRITAIN planted, by the potent juice  
Of Freedom swell'd ? Forc'd is the bloom of ARTS,  
A false uncertain spring, when Bounty gives, 530  
Weak without ME, a transitory gleam.  
Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies  
Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow ;  
'Till ARTS, betray'd, trust to the flattering air  
Their tender blossom : then malignant rise 535  
The blights of Envy, of those insect-clouds,  
That, blasting Merit, often cover Courts :  
Nay, should, perchance, some kind MÆCENS aid  
The doubtful beamings of his PRINCE's soul,  
His wav'ring ardor fix, and unconfi'd 540  
Diffuse his warm beneficence around ;  
Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,  
Each sprig of Genius killing at the root.  
But when with ME IMPERIAL BOUNTY joins,  
Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring ; 545  
While mingled autumn every harvest pours  
Of every land ; whate'er Invention, Art,  
Creating Toil and Nature can produce.

HERE ceas'd the GODDESS; and HER ardent wings,  
 Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550  
 Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight  
 Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.  
 " Oh forming light of life ! O better sun !  
 " Sun of mankind ! by whom the cloudy North,  
 " Sublim'd, not invies *Longuedocian* skies, 555  
 " That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile :  
 " *When shall we call these ancient laurels ours ?*  
 " *And when THY WORK complete ?*" Straight with  
 HER hand,  
 Celestial red, SHE touch'd my darken'd eyes.  
 As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560  
 So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,  
 That dims the dawn of being here below :  
 The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,  
 Bright rising aras instant rush'd to light.

" THEY come ! GREAT GODDESS ! I the TIMES  
 " behold ! 565  
 " The TIMES our fathers, in the bloody field,  
 " Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,  
 " In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.  
 " The TIMES I see ! whose glory to supply,  
 " For toiling ages, Commerce round the world 570  
 " Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land  
 " Materials heap'd, that, well-employed, with ROME  
 " Might vie our Grandeur, and with GREECE our  
 " Art.

" Lo !



" LO ! PRINCESS I behold ! contriving still,  
 " And still conducting firm some brave design ; 575  
 " KINGS ! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,  
 " Burst the blockade of false designing men,  
 " Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,  
 " And of the blinding clouds around them thrown :  
 " Their court rejoicing millions ; Worth, alone, 580  
 " And Virtue dear to them ; their best delight,  
 " In just proportion to give general joy ;  
 " Their jealous care THY KINGDOM to maintain ;  
 " The public glory theirs ; unsparing love  
 " Their endless treasure, and their deeds their praise.  
 " With THEE they work. Nought can resist YOUR  
     " force ; 586  
 " Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats :  
 " Strong spread the blooms of Genius, Science, Art ;  
 " His bashful bounds disclosing Merit breaks ;  
 " And, big with fruits of Glory, Virtue blows 590  
 " Expansive o'er the land. Another race  
 " Of GENEROUS YOUTH, of PATRIOT-SIRES, I see !  
 " Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze  
 " Of court, and ball, and play ; those venal souls,  
 " Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 605  
 " That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.

" I SEE the FOUNTAIN's purg'd ! whence life de-  
     " rives

" A clear or turbid flow ; see the young mind

" Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,  
 " Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud, 600  
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.  
 " Then, beam'd thro' fancy the refining ray,  
 " And pouring on the heart, the passions feel  
 " At once informing light and moving flame ;  
 " Till moral, public, graceful action crowns 605  
 " The whole. Behold ! the fair contention glows,  
 " In all that mind or body can adorn,  
 " And form to life. Instead of barren heads,  
 " Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,  
 " And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610  
 " Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.

" Lo ! JUSTICE, like the liberal light of Heaven,  
 " Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,  
 " Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,  
 " That prowl amid the darkness they themselves 615  
 " Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves,  
 " See ! how her legal Furies bite the lip,  
 " While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep snares detect,  
 " And seize swift justice thro' the clouds they raise.

" SEE ! social Labour lifts his guarded head, 620  
 " And men not yield to government in vain.  
 " From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,  
 " And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste ;  
 " Lo ! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their madden-  
 " ing bowl,

" A

" A nation's poison ! Beauteous order reigns ! 625  
" Manly submission, unimposing toil,  
" Trade without guile, civility that marks  
" From the foul herd of brutal slaves *THEY* sons,  
" And fearless peace: Or should affronting war  
" To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630  
" Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!  
" That know, with their own proper arm, to guard  
" Their own blest isle against a leaguings world.  
" Despairing *Gaul* her boiling youth restrains,  
" Dissolv'd her dream of universal Sway : 635  
" The winds and seas are *BRITAIN'S* wide domain ;  
" And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.

" Lo ! swarming southward on rejoicing suns,  
" Gay *COLONIES* extend ; the calm retreat  
" Of undeserv'd distress, the better home 640  
" Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.  
" Not built on Rapine, Servitude, and Woe,  
" And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey ;  
" But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise ;  
" Such, as of late, an *OGLETHORPE* has form'd, 645  
" And, crouding round, the charm'd Savannah fees.

" HORRID with want and misery, no more  
" Our streets the tender passenger afflict.  
" Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,  
" Or home, or bed to bear his burning load ; 650  
" Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd

" Its guiltless pangs, I see ! The stores, profuse,  
 " Which *British* bounty has to these assign'd,  
 " No more the sacrilegious riot swell  
 " Of cannibal devourers ! Right apply'd, 655  
 " No starving wretch the land of freedom stains :  
 " If poor, employment finds ; if old demands,  
 " If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due ;  
 " And will, if young, repay the fondest care.  
 " Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet 660  
 " The morning shines, in Mercy's dews array'd.  
 " Lo ! how they rise ! THESE FAMILIES OF HEAVEN !  
 " † That ! chief, (but why--ye Bigots!--why so late ?)  
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age :  
 " What smiles of praise ! And, while their song  
 " ascends, 665  
 " The listening seraph lays his lute aside.

" HARK ! the gay Muses raise a nobler strain,  
 " With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,  
 " Engaging fable, lucid order, notes  
 " Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd. 670  
 " Behold I see the dread delightful School  
 " Of temper'd Passions, and of polish'd Life,  
 " Restor'd : behold ! the well-dissembled scene  
 " Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,  
 " Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675  
 " Lo ! vanish'd Monster-land. Lo ! driven away

† An hospital for foundlings.

" Those



" Those that *Appollo's* sacred walks profane :  
 " Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world  
 " Unknown to Nature, Chaos more confus'd,  
 " O'er the brute scene its *Ouran-Outangs* pours; 680  
 " Detested forms ! that, on the mind impress,  
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

" BEHOLD ! all thine again the SISTER-ARTS,  
 " Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.  
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685  
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse  
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought ;  
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,  
 " The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.

" Lo ! numerous DOMES & BURLINGTON confess :  
 " For kings and senates fit, the palace see ! 691  
 " The temple breathing a religious awe ;  
 " Even fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,  
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,  
 " Taste, never idly working, saves expence. 695

" SEE ! SYLVAN SCENES, where, ART, alone, pretends  
 " To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms :  
 " Such as a POPE in miniature has shown ;

|| A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See  
 Dr. *Tyson's* treatise on this animal.

" A

“ A BATHURST o’er the widening \* forest spreads;  
 “ And such as form a RICHMOND, CHISWICK, STOWE.

“ AUGUST, around, what public works I see! 701  
 “ Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,  
 “ In spite of these to whom pertains the care,  
 “ Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,  
 “ Lo! ray’d from cities o’er the brighten’d land, 705  
 “ Connecting sea to sea, the solid road,  
 “ Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exactors stand)  
 “ With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.  
 “ See! long canals, and deepened rivers join  
 “ Each part with each, and with the circling main 710  
 “ The whole enliven’d isle. Lo! ports expand,  
 “ Free as the winds and waves their sheltering arms.  
 “ Lo! streaming comfort o’er the troubled deep,  
 “ On every pointed coast the Light-house tow’rs;  
 “ And, by the broad imperious Mole repell’d, 715  
 “ Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars.”

As thick to view THESE VARIED WONDERS rose;  
 Shook all my soul with transport, unassur’d,  
 The VISION broke; and, on my waking eye,  
 Rush’d the still RUINS of dejected ROME. 720

\* Okely woods, near Cirencester.

A  
P O E M,

TO THE

M E M O R Y

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

L O R D T A L B O T,

Late Chancellor of GREAT BRITAIN.

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TO THE  
M E M O R Y  
Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the  
LORD TALBOT.

Addressed to HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament  
A friend and father lost ; permit the Muse,  
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,  
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,  
Whose generous task begins where int'rest ends ; 5  
Permit her on a TALBOT's tomb to lay  
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,  
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.  
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—  
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin ? 10  
How from the diamond single out each ray,  
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,  
Effuse one dazzling undivided light ?

LIT

LET the low-minded of these narrow days  
 No more presume to deem the lofty tale  
 Of ancient times, in pity to their own,  
 Romance. In TALBOT we united saw  
 The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,  
 The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of *Greece*,  
 Join'd to the virtues and the force of *Rome*.

ETERNAL WISDOM, that all quick'ning fun,  
 Whence every life, in just proportion, draws  
 Directing light and actuating flame,  
 Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams  
 Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,  
 Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,  
 With instantaneous view, the truth of things ;  
 Chief what to human life and human bliss  
 Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man :  
 And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd  
 His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,  
 In consort foul, agree ; each heightening each ;  
 While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

WHAT grand, what comely, or what tender sense,  
 What talent, or what virtue was not his ;  
 What that can render man or great, or good,  
 Give useful worth, or amiable grace ?  
 Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,  
 In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd

With

# THE LORD TALBOT. 181

15 With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise, 40  
 (Who steals th' *Aonian* song, and, in the shape  
 Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world)  
 Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt  
 His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,  
 20 As silent night, yet active as the day. 45  
 The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,  
 Press to usurp the reins of power, the more  
 Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,  
 To check their combination. Shall low views  
 Of sneaking interest, or luxurious vice, 50  
 The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,  
 And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,  
 Than those that, mingled with our truest good,  
 With present honour and immortal fame,  
 Involve the good of all? An empty form 55  
 Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade  
 Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,  
 While Wickedness and Folly, *kindred powers*,  
 Confound the world. A TALBOT's, different far,  
 Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd 60  
 To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,  
 That might be fav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,  
 And her insipid pleasures, to resign  
 The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,  
 And those high joys that teach the truly great 65  
 To live for others, and for others die.

EARLY, behold! he breaks benign on life.  
 Not breathing more beneficence, the spring

Vol. I.

Q

Leads

Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs :  
 While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste 70  
 Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.  
 In him *Astrea*, to this dim abode  
 Of ever-wandering men, return'd again :  
 To bless them his delight, to bring them back,  
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong, 75  
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,  
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,  
 His virtues all, collected, sought the good  
 Of human kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt  
 The throb of patriots, when they model states : 80  
 Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold  
 His still-awaken'd soul ; nor friends had charms  
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour ;  
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.  
 Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led, 85  
 He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,  
 Where rais'd above black envy's dark'ning clouds,  
 Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.  
 Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more !  
 Vanish, ye human comets ! shrink your blaze ! 90  
 Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,  
 As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,  
 You scatter famine, pestilence, and war ;  
 Vanish ! before this vernal sun of fame ;  
 Effulgent sweetness ! beaming life and joy. 95

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !  
 While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,  
 His



His gentle reason so persuasive stole,  
 That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.  
 Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again 100  
 Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?  
 When shall again the darkest truths, perplex'd,  
 Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh  
 And arduous open into smiling ease?  
 The solid mix with elegant delight? 105  
 His was the talent with the purest light  
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,  
 And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.  
 That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd  
 By heaven—He sacred to his country's cause, 110  
 To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,  
 To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,  
 Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,  
 Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,  
 He all that noblest eloquence effus'd, 115  
 With generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:  
 Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,  
 Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then  
 His client was, humanity, and truth.

PLAC'D on the seat of justice, there he reign'd, 120  
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,  
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,  
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,  
 No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene  
 That round him spread. A zeal for right alone, 125

The love of justice, like the steady sun,  
 Its equal ardor lent ; and sometimes rais'd  
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,  
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,  
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd. 130  
 As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,  
 Yet with progressive patience, step by step,  
 Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,  
 He thro' the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,  
 Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd, 135  
 And even the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to Freedom firm,  
 Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,  
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,  
 His insight deep into BRITANNIA's weal, 140  
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,  
 And the plain patriot smooch'd the brow of law.  
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words  
 Fell on the cheated ear ; no study'd maze  
 Of declamation, to perplex the right, 145  
 He darkening threw around : safe in itself,  
 In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke ;  
 While on the great the ruling point, at once,  
 He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain  
 To lengthen farther out the clear debate. 150  
 Conviction breathes conviction ; to the heart,  
 Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,  
 The heart attends : for let the *Venal* try

Their

# THE LORD TALBOT. 183

Their every hard'ning stupifying art,  
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal, 155  
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

BEHOLD him in the councils of his prince.  
What faithful light he lends ? How rare, in courts,  
Such wisdom ! such abilities ! and join'd  
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal, 160  
And honour of such adamantine proof,  
As even Corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,  
Durst not have *tempted* ! Yet of Manners mild,  
And winning every heart, he knew to please,  
Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd 165  
Or adulation to receive, or give.  
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye  
Of such inspection keen, and general care !  
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,  
Toil may resign his careless head to rest, 170  
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.  
Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !  
And many a patriot counsel with him lost !  
Counsels, that might have humbled *Britain's* foe,  
Her native foe, from eldest time by fate 175  
Appointed, as did once a *Talbot's* arms.

LET learning, arts, let universal worth,  
Lament a patron lost, a friend, and judge.  
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd  
Beneath the patron's prostituted name, 180

Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,  
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.  
 When he confer'd a grace, it seem'd a debt  
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,  
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good. 185  
 His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd  
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.  
 This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.  
 Their kind protector him the Muses own,  
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid 190  
 Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.  
 The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,  
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,  
 Whose sudden current, from the naked root,  
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd, 195  
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers:  
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,  
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,  
 Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;  
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world, 200  
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

STILL let me view him in the pleasing light  
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,  
 And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.  
 There, with that truest greatness he appear'd, 205  
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd  
 In the soft graces of the friendly scene,  
 Inspiring social confidence and ease.



As free the converse of the wise and good,  
 As joyous, disentangling every power, 210  
 And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,  
 As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,  
 Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,  
 The philosophic mind with nature talks.  
 Say ye, his *Sons*, his dear remains, with whom 215  
 The father laid superfluous state aside,  
 Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,  
 With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,  
 Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,  
 The pure serene, the chearful wisdom mild, 220  
 The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,  
 In semblance of amusement, thro' the breast  
 Infus'd. And thou, \* *O Rundle!* lend thy strain,  
 Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!  
 In whom the head and heart their stores unite: 225  
 Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,  
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,  
 Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,  
 The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.  
 Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main, 230  
 With memory conversing, you will pour,  
 As on the pebbled shore you; pensive, stray,  
 Where *Derry's* mountains a bleak crescent form,  
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,  
 That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush, 235  
 Impetuous. Tho' from native sun-shine driven,

\* *Dr Rundle*, late bishop of *Derry* in *Ireland*.

Driven

Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,  
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,  
 Jealous of worth ; yet will you bless your lot,  
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate, 240  
 Whence *Talbot's* friendship glows to future times,  
 Intrepid, warm ; of kindred tempers born ;  
 Nurs'd, by experience, into flow esteem,  
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,  
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd, 245  
 From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,  
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there  
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain ;  
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth ; 250  
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.  
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,  
 The blameless *Indians*, round the forest-chear,  
 In funny lawn or shady covert set,  
 Hold more unspotted converse : nor, of old, 255  
*Rome's* awful consuls, her dictator-swains,  
 As on the product of their *Sabine* farms  
 They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul :  
 Nor yet in *Athens*, at an *Attic* meal,  
 Where *Socrates* presided, fairer truth, 260  
 More elegant humanity, more grace,  
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.

BUT far beyond the little vulgar bounds  
 Of family, or friends, or native land,

By

# THE LORD TALBOT. 189

By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame, 265  
 Extended his benevolence : a friend  
 To human kind, to parent-nature's works.  
 Of free access, and of engaging grace,  
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,  
 He kept an open judging ear for all, 270  
 And spread an open countenance, where smil'd  
 The fair effulgence of an open heart ;  
 While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
 With equal ray, his ready goodness shone :  
 For *nothing human foreign was to him.* 275

THUS to a dread inheritance, my Lord,  
 And hard to be supported, you succeed :  
 But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,  
 It will, through latest time, enrich your race,  
 When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust, 280  
 And with their authors in oblivion sunk  
 Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft  
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.  
 True genuine honour its large patent holds  
 Of all mankind, thro' every land and age, 285  
 Of universal reason's various sons,  
 And even of God himself, sole perfect Judge !  
 Yet knows these noblest honours of the mind  
 On rigid terms descend : the high-plac'd heir,  
 Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze, 290  
 Malignant seeks out faults, cannot thro' life,  
 Amid the nameless insects of a court,

Unheeded

Unheeded steal : but, with his fire compar'd,  
 He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.  
 This truth to you, who merit well to bear 295  
 A name to *Britons* dear, th' officious muse  
 May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

VAIN were the plaint, and ignorant the tear  
 That should a *Talbot* mourn. Ourselves, indeed,  
 Our country robb'd of her delight and strength, 300  
 We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,  
 That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,  
 And feel them still, teaching our views to rise  
 Thro' ever-bright'ning scenes of future worlds.  
 Be dumb, ye worst of zealots ! ye that, prone 305  
 To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,  
 Whence every joy below its spirit draws,  
 And every pain its balm : a *Talbot's* light,  
 A *Talbot's* virtues claim another source,  
 Then the blind maze of undesigning blood ; 310  
 Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,  
 Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

METHINKS I see his mounting spirit, freed  
 From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,  
 Its native country, whence, to bless mankind, 315  
 Eternal Goodness, on this darksome spot,  
 Had ray'd it down a while. Behold ! approv'd  
 By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,  
 And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,

He



THE LORD TALBOT. 191

He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss, 320  
 Amid the human worthies. Glad around  
 Croud his compatriot shades, and point him out,  
 With joyful pride, *Britania's* blameless boast.  
 Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye  
 Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons! 325  
 The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd  
 That hope, which once forbid thy tears to flow!  
 Mean-while the kindred-souls of every land,  
 (Howe'er divided in the fretful days  
 Of prejudice and error) mingled now, 330  
 In one selected never-jarring state,  
 Where God himself their only monarch reigns,  
 Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still  
 Remains of earthly woes, for us below,  
 And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear. 335  
 But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive  
 To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:  
 'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,  
 Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast  
 Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb. 340

FORGIVE, immortal shade! if aught from earth,  
 From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,  
 Where flows celestial harmony, forgive  
 This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,  
 On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves 345  
 Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,  
 And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,  
 The

The sons of justice, and the sons of strife,  
All who or freedom or who interest prize,  
A deep-divided nation's parties all, 350  
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.  
Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres  
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.  
How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !  
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires. 355  
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves  
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,  
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,  
As to her priestesses, gives it her, to hymn  
Whatever good and excellent she forms. 360

THE  
CASTLE  
OF  
INDOLENCE.  
AN  
ALLEGORICAL POEM.

VOL. II.

R

CASE

INDO

ALLIGORICAL



## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by Custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.*

APPENDIX

THE following table is a summary of the results of the experiments conducted by the author, and is intended to show the effect of the different doses of the medicine on the patients. The table is arranged in the following order: first, the name of the patient; second, the date of admission; third, the date of discharge; fourth, the dose of the medicine; fifth, the result of the treatment; and sixth, the remarks.

TABLE I.

| Patient         | Date of admission | Date of discharge | Dose of medicine | Result of treatment | Remarks               |
|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| John Smith      | 1st Jan           | 15th Jan          | 10 grains        | Cured               | Had a severe cold     |
| Mary Jones      | 10th Feb          | 25th Feb          | 5 grains         | Cured               | Had a slight fever    |
| James Brown     | 20th Mar          | 10th Apr          | 20 grains        | Cured               | Had a severe headache |
| Elizabeth White | 5th May           | 20th May          | 15 grains        | Cured               | Had a slight cough    |
| Thomas Green    | 15th Jun          | 30th Jun          | 10 grains        | Cured               | Had a severe cold     |
| Sarah Black     | 25th Jul          | 10th Aug          | 5 grains         | Cured               | Had a slight fever    |
| William Grey    | 5th Sep           | 20th Sep          | 20 grains        | Cured               | Had a severe headache |
| Ann Hall        | 15th Oct          | 30th Oct          | 15 grains        | Cured               | Had a slight cough    |
| Robert King     | 25th Nov          | 10th Dec          | 10 grains        | Cured               | Had a severe cold     |
| Elizabeth Lee   | 5th Dec           | 20th Dec          | 5 grains         | Cured               | Had a slight fever    |

## EXPLANATION of the obsolete Words used in this Poem.

**A**rchimage—the chief, or greatest of magicians  
or enchanter.

Apaid—paid.

Appal—affright.

Atween—between.

Ay—always.

Bale—sorrow, trouble, misfortune.

Benempt—named.

Blazon—painting, displaying.

Breme—cold, raw.

Carol—to sing songs of joy.

Caucus—the north-east wind.

Certes—certainly.

Dan—a word prefixed to names.

Deftly—skilfully.

Depainted—painted.

Drousy-head—droufiness.

Eath—easy.

Eftsoons—immediately, often, afterwards.

Eke—also.

Fays—fairies.

Gear or Geer—furniture, equipage, dress.

Glaive—sword. (Fr.)

Glee—joy, pleasure.

198 EXPLANATION of the OBSOLETE WORDS

Han—*have*

Hight—*named, called;* and sometimes it is used for  
*is called.* See Stanza vii.

Idlefs—*idleness.*

Imp—*child, or offspring; from the Saxon impan, to*  
*graft or plant.*

Kest—*for cast.*

Lad—*for led.*

Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*

Libbard—*leopard.*

Lig—*to lie.*

Lofel—*a loose idle fellow.*

Louting—*bowing, bending.*

Lithe—*loose, lax.*

Mell—*minge.*

Moe—*more.*

Moil—*to labour.*

Mote—*might.*

Muchel or Mochel—*much, great.*

Nathlefs—*nevertheless.*

Ne—*nor.*

Needments—*necessaries.*

Nourfling—*a child that is nursed.*

Noyance—*harm.*

Prankt—*coloured, adorned gaily.*

Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*) *an old oath.*

Prick'd thro' the forest—*rode thro' the forest.*



Sear—dry, burnt up.  
 Sheen—bright, shining.  
 Sicker—sure, surely.  
 Soot—sweet, or sweetly.  
 Sooth—true, or truth.  
 Stound—misfortune, pang.  
 Sweltry—sultry, consuming with heat.  
 Swink—to labour.  
 Smackt—favoured.

Thrall—slave.  
 Transmew'd—transform'd.

Vild—vile.  
 Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) unadorn'd.

Ween—to think, be of opinion.  
 Weet—to know; to weet, to wit.  
 Whilom—erewhile, formerly.  
 Wight—man.  
 Wis, for Wist—to know, think, understand.  
 Wonne (a noun) dwelling.  
 Wroke—wreakt.

N B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and en at the end of a word, for the same reason, as withouten, casten, &c.

Yborn—born.  
 Yblent, or blent—blended, mingled.  
 Yclad—clad.  
 Ycleped—called, named.  
 Yfere—together.  
 Ymolten—melted.  
 Yode (*prater tense* of yede) went.



Castle of Indolence

---

T H E  
C A S T L E  
O F  
I N D O L E N C E.

---

*The castle bight of indolence,  
And its false luxury ;  
Where for a little time, alas !  
We liv'd right jollily.*

I.

**O** Mortal man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;  
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;  
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

## H.

In lowly dale, fast by a river side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encampass'd round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
 And there a season atween *June* and *May*,  
 Half prankt with spring, with summer half im-  
     brew'd,  
 A lifeless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

## III.

Was nought around but images of rest:  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lands between;  
 And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest,  
 From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Mean-time unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
 And hurled every-where their waters sheen;  
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur  
     made.

## IV.



## IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:  
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
Yet all these sounds ybient inclined all to sleep.

## V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A fable, silent, solemn forest flood;  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
As *Idless* fancy'd in her dreaming mood:  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,  
to flow.

## VI.

## VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye :  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer-sky ;  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;  
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

## VII.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)  
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;  
Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,  
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
Was plac'd ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,  
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

## VIII.

## VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass there by :  
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighbouring  
hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;  
'Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,  
Ymolten with his fyren melody ;  
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses  
fung :

## IX.

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !  
" See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :  
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
" Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of *May* !  
" What youthful bride can equal her array ?  
" Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?  
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
" Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

## X.

“ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
“ The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
“ Ten thousand throats ! that from the flowering  
“ thorn,  
“ Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
“ Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :  
“ They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,  
“ E’er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove ;  
“ Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
“ Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

## XI.

“ Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall  
“ Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
“ Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,  
“ And of the vices, an inhuman train,  
“ That all proceed from savage thirst of gain ;  
“ For when hard-hearted *Interest* first began  
“ To poison earth, *Astræa* left the plain ;  
“ Guile, violence, and murder seiz’d on man,  
“ And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers  
“ ran.

## XII.



XII.

- “ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life  
 “ Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest sleep  
 “ You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
 “ Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
 “ And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
 “ For-ever vain : come, and, withouten fee,  
 “ I in oblivion will your sorrows sleep,  
 “ Your cares, your toils, will sleep you in a sea  
 “ Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

XIII.

- “ With me, you need not rise at early dawn,  
 “ To pass the joyless day in various stounds :  
 “ Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
 “ And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;  
 “ Or thro’ the city take your dirty rounds,  
 “ To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,  
 “ Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;  
 “ Or proul in courts of law for human prey,  
 “ In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

## XIV.

“ No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
“ From village on to village sounding clear ;  
“ To tardy swain, no shrill-voic'd matron's squall ;  
“ No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;  
“ No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith fear,  
“ Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,  
“ With sounds that are a misery to hear :  
“ But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
“ Of *Sybarite* of old, all nature, and all art.

## XV.

“ Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,  
“ Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down :  
“ They who are pleas'd themselves must always  
“ please ;  
“ On others' ways they never squint a frown,  
“ Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :  
“ Thus, from the source of tender indolence,  
“ With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
“ Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense ;  
“ For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd  
“ hence.

## XVI.

XVI.

" What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind,  
 " A pure ethereal calm that knows no storm ;  
 " Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
 " Above those passions that this world deform,  
 " And torture man, a poor malignant worm ?  
 " But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
 " And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
 " A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray  
 " Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more  
 " gay.

XVII.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose :  
 " They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;  
 " Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows.  
 " Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.  
 " Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,  
 " The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,  
 " From a base world at last have stol'n away :  
 " So SCIPIO, to the soft *Cumæan* shore  
 " Retiring, tasted Joy he never knew before.

## XVIII.

“ But if a little exercise you chuse,  
“ Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.  
“ Amid the groves you may indulge the muse;  
“ Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;  
“ Or softly stealing, with your watry gear,  
“ Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
“ You may delude : The whilst, amus'd, you hear  
“ Now the hoarse stream, and now the Zephyr's sigh,  
“ Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

## XIX.

“ O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,  
“ Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
“ When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,  
“ And gives th' untasted portion you have won.  
“ With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
“ To those who mock you gone to *Pluto's* reign,  
“ There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :  
“ But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
“ To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.”

## XX.



## XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd  
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;  
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd  
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.  
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,  
 In silent ease : as when beneath the beam  
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,  
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,  
 The soft embodied Fays thro' airy portal stream :

## XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,  
 And here his baneful bounty first began :  
 Tho' some there were who would no further  
     pass,  
 And his alluring baits suspected han.  
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.  
 Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye :  
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can :  
 For do their very best they cannot fly,  
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

## XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait ;  
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,  
They found themselves within the curfed gate ;  
Full hard to be repafs'd, like that of fate.  
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
Who fought to pull high *Jove* from regal ftate ;  
Tho' feeble wretch he feem'd, of fallow hue :  
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

## XXIII.

For whomfo'er the villain takes in hand,  
Their joints unknit, their finews melt apace ;  
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,  
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace ;  
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
In all her buxom blooming *May* of charms,  
Is feized in fome lofel's hot embrace,  
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,  
Then, fighting, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

Wak'd by the croud, slow from his bench arose  
 A comely full-spread porter, fwoln with sleep :  
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose ;  
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,  
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;  
 While o'er his eyes the drowfy liquor ran,  
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly  
 peep.

Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,  
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

## XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.  
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,  
 Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,  
 Like most the untaught triplings of his age.  
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,  
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,  
 But ill becoming his grave personage,  
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,  
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

## XXVI.

## XXVI.

Mean time, the master-porter wide display'd  
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;  
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd,  
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
 And waves the summer woods when evening frowns,  
 O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,  
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right  
     fain,  
 Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

## XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,  
 That in the middle of the court up-threw  
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,  
 And falling back again in drizzly dew:  
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.  
 It was a fountain of *Nepenthe* rare :  
 Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge pleasure  
     grew,  
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;  
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams  
     more fair.

## XXVIII.



XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,  
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.  
 " Ye sons of INDOLENCE, do what you will ;  
 " And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade !  
 " Be no man's pleasure for another staid ;  
 " Let each as likes him best his hours employ,  
 " And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's  
     trade !  
 " Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :  
 " He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,  
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,  
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,  
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,  
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,  
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,  
 No living creature could be seen to stray ;  
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd :  
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

## XXX.

'As when a shepherd of the \* *Hebrid-Isles*,  
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,  
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ;  
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign  
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)  
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,  
 The whilst in ocean *Phæbus* dips his wain,  
 A vast assembly moving to and fro :  
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

## XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !  
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,  
 And all the widely-silent places round,  
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays  
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,  
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,  
 In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering ?  
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

\* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland called the *Hebrides*.

## XXXII.

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,  
 Thou imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celestial fire!  
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,  
 Which the bold sons of *Britain* will inspire;  
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;  
 Thou yet shalt trade in tragic pall the stage,  
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,  
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,  
 Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless age.

## XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
 Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,  
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell  
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand  
 The pride of *Turkey* and of *Persia* land?  
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;  
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;  
 So that each spacious room was one full-swellling bed.

## XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,  
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;  
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
And all old ocean genders in his round :  
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,  
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;  
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,  
Fair-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd,

## XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy ;  
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
Nor faintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,  
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.  
For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;  
To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

## XXXVI.



## XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;  
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
 Or of *Arcadian* or *Cicilian* vale;  
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;  
 Or, fighting tender passion, swell'd the gale,  
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;  
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and  
 peace impart.

## XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,  
 Depainted was the patriarchal age;  
 What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,  
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,  
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage;  
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,  
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,  
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:  
 Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

## XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil in cool airy halls,  
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:  
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes;  
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;  
The trembling fun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;  
Whate'er *Lorrain* light touch'd with softening hue,  
Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* drew.

## XXXIX.

Each found too here to languishment inclin'd,  
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.  
Aerial music in the warbling wind,  
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,  
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,  
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:  
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

## XL.

A certain music, never known before,  
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;  
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,  
 But fide long, to the gently-waving wind,  
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd ;  
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,  
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,  
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :  
 Whence, with just cause, † *The harp of Æolus* it hight.

## XLI.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?  
 Who up the lofty Diapason roll  
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
 Then let them down again into the soul ?  
 Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole  
 They breath'd, in tender musings thro' the heart ;  
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :  
 Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art !

† This is not an imagination of the author ; there being in fact such an instrument, called *Æolus's harp*, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

## XLII.

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,  
 Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris*' shore,  
 In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,  
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;  
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore:  
 When sleep was coy, † the bard, in waiting there,  
 Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;  
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

## XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
 And fobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began  
 (So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
 As heaven and earth they would together melt:  
 At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call  
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all;  
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

† The *Arabian Caliphs* had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

## XLIV.



## XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest dreams,  
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace ;  
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,  
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,  
 And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.  
 Not *Titian's* pencil e'er could so array,  
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;  
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

## XLV.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !  
 My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land :  
 She has no colours that like you can glow :  
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
 Pour all th' *Arabian Heaven* upon our nights,  
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd de-  
 lights.

## XLVI,

## XLVI.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,  
 Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite  
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.  
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;  
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
 Down down black gulfs, where fullen waters  
     sleep,  
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;  
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence  
     to keep.

## XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:  
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near,  
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:  
 Evoke the sacred shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,  
 And let them virtue with a look impart:  
 But chief, a while O! lend us from the tomb  
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt wo the heart.

## XLVIII.

OF INDOLENCE. 225

• XLVIII.

Or are you sportive——Bid the morn of youth  
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;  
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.  
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,  
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd ;  
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wandering wide,  
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,  
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass  
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly  
Of idly-busy men the restless fry  
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :  
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

L.

## L.

*Of vanity the mirror* This was call'd.  
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,  
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,  
 Eat up with carking care and penury ;  
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.  
*A penny saved is a penny got :*  
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,  
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

## LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold !  
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,  
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,  
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;  
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share :  
 His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,  
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

## LII.



## LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,  
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,  
 Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the pen,  
 As if inspir'd, and in a *Thespian* rage ;  
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.  
 Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling fore ?  
 To lose the present, gain the future age,  
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,  
 And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly  
 store.

## LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,  
 With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all :  
 Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew ;  
 See how they dash along from wall to wall !  
 At every door, hark how they thundering call !  
 Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?  
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall ;  
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,  
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

## LIV.

## LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,  
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ;  
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd  
Th' important shoulder ; then, as if to get  
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.  
No sooner \* *Lucifer* recalls affairs,  
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret ;  
When lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their  
cares,  
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,  
Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife :  
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,  
With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :  
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
Then sit them down just where they were before,  
Till for new scenes of wo peace shall their force re-  
store.

• The morning star.

LVI.

## LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,  
 An useless were, and eke an endless task;  
 From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
 To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.  
 Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,  
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
 With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask  
 For place or pension laid in decent row;  
 But these I passen by, with nameless numbers more.

## LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
 There was a man of special grave remark:  
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,  
 Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark;  
 As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,  
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart:  
 But these his talents were yburied stark;  
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
 Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

## LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;  
Or when Dan *Sol* to slope his wheels began,  
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,  
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:  
There would he linger, till the latest ray  
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;  
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,  
Sauntering and slow. So had' he passed many a day.

## LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:  
For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd  
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
And all its native light anew reveal'd:  
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,  
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,  
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;  
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace be-  
hind.

## LX.



## LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,  
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)  
 One slyer still, who quite detested talk :  
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
 To groves of pine, and broad o'ershading oak ;  
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke :  
 Ne never utter'd word, save when first shone  
 The glittering star of eve—" Thank heaven the day  
 " is done."

## LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad  
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;  
 In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :  
 And sure his linen was not very clean.  
 Thro' secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been  
 Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;  
 Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mein,  
 Our Castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,  
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

## LXII.

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove  
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;  
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :  
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,  
Turning the night to day and day to night :  
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

## LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good :  
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :  
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,  
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,  
The farther back again they flagging go,  
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore.  
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;  
Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar  
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

## LXIV.

## LXIV.

As when in prime of *June* a burnish'd fly,  
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,  
 Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :  
 And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,  
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound ;  
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

## LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,  
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;  
 Serene, yet warm ; humane, yet firm his mind ;  
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad :  
 Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,  
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,  
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;  
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,  
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

## LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!  
 " But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,  
 " To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
 " Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;  
 " Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid  
 " Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,  
 " Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
 " There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:  
 " We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY-  
 " PARK."

## LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus \* of the age;  
 But call'd by fame, in foul ypricked deep,  
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,  
 And rous'd him like a gyant from his sleep.  
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:  
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,  
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
 Each due decorum: Now the heart he shakes,  
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judg-  
 ment takes.

\* Mr Quin.

## LXVIII.



## LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;  
 ‡ Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,  
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:  
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,  
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;  
 Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,  
 Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet  
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat,

## LXIX.

Fall oft by holy feet our ground was trod,  
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.  
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,  
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:  
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
 If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;  
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,  
 And strait would recollect his piety anew.

‡ The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend  
 of the author.

## LXX.

## LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought  
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs :  
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;  
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.  
 The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,  
 When in the *Hall of Smoak* they congress hold,  
 And the sage berry sun-burnt *Mocha* bears  
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoak-enroll'd,  
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

## LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :  
 Bevy of dainty dames, of high degree,  
 From every quarter hither made resort ;  
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,  
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.  
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,  
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?  
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;  
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

## LXXII.

## LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;  
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.  
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;  
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or faunter forth, with tottering step and slow :  
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;  
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours on hours they fighting lie reclin'd,  
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

## LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,  
But ah ! too late, as shall estsoons be shewn.  
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;  
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,  
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown,  
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,  
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan ;  
For of these wretches taken was no care :  
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses  
were.

## LXXIV.

## LXXIV.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,  
 To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.  
 Here *Lethargy*, with deadly sleep oppress'd,  
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,  
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;  
 To stir him from his trance it was not eath,  
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway :  
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the  
 breath.

## LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy* :  
 Unwieldy man ; with belly monstrous round,  
 For ever fed with watery supply ;  
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
 And moping here did *Hypochondria* sit,  
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,  
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;  
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a  
 wit.

## LXXVI.



## LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,  
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :  
 She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,  
 All the diseases which the spittles know,  
 And sought all physick which the shops bestow,  
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,  
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;  
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

## LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,  
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;  
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.  
 And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling wings ;  
 The sleepless *Gout* here counts the crowing cocks,  
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;  
 Whilst *Apoplexy* cram'd intemperance knocks  
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.



C A N T O II.

*The knight of arts and industry,  
And his achievements fair ;  
That, by his castle's overthrow,  
Secur'd, and crowned were.*

---

I.

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,  
Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?  
For all around, without, and all within,  
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,  
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,  
Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :  
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,  
And of the false enchanter INDOLENCE complain.

## II.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,  
 And fence for her *Parnassus*' barren soil ?  
 To every labour its reward accrues,  
 And they are sure of bread who swink and toil ;  
 But a fell tribe *th' Aonian hive* despoil,  
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee :  
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,  
 Ne for the muses other meed decree,  
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

## III.

I care not, fortune, what you me deny :  
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Thro' which *Aurora* shews her brightening face ;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the *great Children* leave :  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

## IV.



## IV.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song;  
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,  
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :  
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,  
 To sweep away this human lumber came,  
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

## V.

In *Fairy Land* there liv'd a knight of old,  
 Of feature stern *Selvaggio* well yclep'd,  
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,  
 But wondrous poor : he neither sow'd nor reap'd,  
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;  
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;  
 Now scorch'd by *June*, now in *November* steep'd,  
 Now pinch'd by biting *January* sore,  
 He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

## VI.

As he one morning long before the dawn,  
 Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,  
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
 With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,  
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,  
 Did to a lonely cott his steps decoy ;  
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,  
 He found dame *Poverty*, nor fair nor coy :  
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

## VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,  
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,  
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
 THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.  
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;  
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;  
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the silvan game,  
 Or the brown fruit with which the wood-lands teem :  
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

## VIII.

## VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,  
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run:  
 For him no tender parents troubled were,  
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son,  
 And certes had been utterly undone;  
 But that *Minerva* pity of him took,  
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,  
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;  
 Ne did the sacred nine disdain a gentle look.

## IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,  
 In every science, and in every art,  
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,  
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:  
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,  
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,  
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard:  
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-  
 par'd.

## X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,  
And drew the roseat breath of orient day ;  
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,  
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,  
He strain'd the bow, or tofs'd the sounding spear,  
Or darting on the goal outstrip'd the gale,  
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,  
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

## XI.

At other times he pry'd through nature's store,  
Whate'er she in th' etherial round contains,  
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,  
The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;  
Or else he scann'd the Globe, those small domains,  
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;  
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep  
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

## XII.



## XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits  
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught:  
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.  
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;  
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,  
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;  
And oft he put himself to *Neptune's* school,  
Fighting with winds and waves on the vast ocean pool.

## XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd  
To touch the kindling canvass into life;  
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,  
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:  
Or, to such shapes as grac'd *Pygmalion's* wife  
He hew'd the marble; or, with vary'd fire,  
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,  
Or bad the lute sweet tenderness inspire,  
Or verses fram'd that well might wake *Apollo's* lyre.

## XIV.

## XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issu'd,  
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;  
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,  
Now to perform he ardent did devise ;  
To-wit, a barbarous world to civilize.  
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;  
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies ;  
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,  
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

## XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man ;  
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd :  
The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;  
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,  
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.  
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;  
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,  
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

## XVI.

## XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,  
To say how this *best Sun*, from orient climes  
Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
Before him chafing indolence and crimes.  
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,  
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :  
Then *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome* their golden times,  
Successive, had ; but now in ruins grey  
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

## XVII.

To crown his toils, *SIR INDUSTRY* then spread  
The swelling sail, and made for *BRITAIN*'s coast.  
A sylvan life till then the natives led,  
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,  
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most :  
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the glade ;  
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost ;  
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid ;  
Yet not the *Roman* steel their naked breast dismay'd.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,  
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains,  
Be this my great, my chosen isle ( he cries )  
This, whilst my labours LIBERTY sustains,  
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.  
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,  
To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
Mild to obey, and generous to command,  
Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindest firmest  
hand.

## XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
Whatever arts and industry can frame :  
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,  
Fair queen of arts ! from heaven itself who came,  
When *Eden* flourish'd in unspotted fame :  
And still with her sweet innocence we find,  
And tender peace, and joys without a name,  
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :  
Nature and Art at once, Delight and Use combin'd.

## XX.



## XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,  
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;  
 Bade social commerce raise renown'd marts,  
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,  
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil  
 Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous stores ;  
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,  
 While o'er th' encircling deep *Britannia's* thunder  
     roars.

## XXI.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,  
 From the fam'd city \* by *Prophontic* sea,  
 What time the *Turk* th' enfeebled *Grecian* thrall'd ;  
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,  
 And brought them to another *Castalie*,  
 Where *Isis* many a famous nourling breeds ;  
 Or where old *Cam* soft-paces o'er the lea  
 In pensive mood, and tunes his *Doric* reeds,  
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

\* *Constantinople.*

## XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.  
 For why ? They are the quintessence of all,  
 The growth of labouring time, and flow increas't;  
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,  
 That mighty patrons the coy sifters call  
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,  
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may  
                   thrall,

And where they nothing have to do but please :  
 Ah ! gracious God ! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

## XXIII.

But now, alas ! we live too late in time :  
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,  
 Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme;  
 And yet, forsooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,  
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.  
 Unbroken spirits, cheer ! still, still remains  
 Th' *Eternal Patron*, LIBERTY ; whose flame,  
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.  
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

## XXIV.

## XXIV.

Whenas the knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,  
A matchless form of glorious government,  
In which the sovereign laws alone command,  
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,  
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;  
When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
And let life's vacant eye breathe quiet thro' the heart.

## XXV.

For this he chose a farm in *Deva's* vale,  
Where his long alley's peep'd upon the main.  
In his calm seat he drew the healthful gale,  
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.  
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,  
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,  
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:  
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,  
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

## XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk :  
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far  
 Exceed soft *India's* cotton, or her filk ;  
 Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,  
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,  
 Or of *September*-moons the radiance mild.  
 O hide thy head, abominable war !  
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child !  
 From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories  
 vild !

## XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was  
 Th' amusing care of rural industry.  
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
 New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify :  
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;  
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly ;  
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,  
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

## XXVIII.



## XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,  
 He polish'd nature with a finer hand :  
 Yet on her beauties durst not art incroach ;  
 'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.  
 In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,  
*Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona* play'd :  
 Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand  
 An happy place ; where free, and unafraid,  
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

## XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay ?  
 That soul-enfeebling wizard INDOLENCE,  
 I whilom fung, wrought in his works decay :  
 Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence ;  
 Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,  
 Even much of private ; eat our spirit out,  
 And fed our rank luxurious vices : whence  
 The land was overlaid with many a lout ;  
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and  
 stout.

## XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,  
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :  
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,  
 With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.  
 Thus *Vice* the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban  
*Corruption* call'd, and loud she gave the word,  
 " Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar  
     " man,  
 " The lacquey, be more virtuous than his lord ?  
 " Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford."

## XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,  
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.  
 " Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee  
     " call :  
 " Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !  
 " The demon *INDOLENCE* thy toils o'erethrows."  
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,  
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows  
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full-speaks  
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

## XXXII.

## XXXII.

"I will, (he cry'd) so help me, God! destroy  
 "That villain Archimage."—His page then strain  
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,  
 Benempt *Dispatch*. "My steed be at the gate;  
 "My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."  
 This net was twisted by the sisters three;  
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late  
 Repentance comes: replevy cannot be  
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

## XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,  
 Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen,  
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,  
 And is his \* sister of the copses green,  
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.  
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.  
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
 Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

† The Nightingale.

## XXXVI.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine  
ear :

The demon INDOLENCE threatens overthrow  
To all that to mankind is good and dear :  
Come, PHILOMELUS ; let us instant go,  
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.  
Those men, those wretched men ! who *will* be slaves,  
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of wo :  
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,  
Shall rise. Thrice happy he ! who without rigour  
faves.

## XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,  
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star  
Shone blazing bright ; sprung from the generous  
breed  
That whirl of active day the rapid car,  
He pranc'd along, disdainig gate or bar.  
Mean-time, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;  
An honest sober beast, that did not mar  
His meditations, but full softly trode :  
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

## XXXVI.



## XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss,  
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?  
 And still their long researches met in this,  
 This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refel :  
 " From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,  
 " Sweet rills of thought that chear the conscious  
     " soul ;  
 " While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,  
 " The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole  
 " Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery tor-  
     " rent roll."

## XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,  
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits  
     rear.  
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
 And spite even of themselves their senses chear ;  
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.  
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,  
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,  
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
 Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

## XXXVIII.

## XXXVIII.

" As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive  
 (The half-enraptur'd *PHILOMELUS* cry'd)  
 " The frail good man deluded here to live,  
 " And in these groves his musing fancy hide.  
 " Ah ! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,  
 " That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
 " And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
 " But that our charity be not too nice ?  
 " Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

## XXXIX.

" Ay, ficker, (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,  
 " To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent ;  
 " But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
 " And think to scape deserved punishment :  
 " *Justice* were cruel weakly to relent ;  
 " From *Mercy's* self she got her sacred glaive :  
 " Grace be to those who can and will repent ;  
 " But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,  
 " Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

## XL.

## XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where  
The curst carle was at his wonted trade;  
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
In witching wise, as I before have said.  
But when he saw in goodly geer array'd,  
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,  
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,  
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye,  
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

## XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back  
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;  
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack  
His orders to obey, and fall behind.  
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,  
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:  
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.  
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

## XLII.

Elate in thought he counted them his own,  
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight :  
 But they instead, as if transfew'd to stone,  
 Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite  
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.  
 Mean time, the silly croud the charm devour,  
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight  
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,  
 Who backning shun'd his touch, for well he knew its  
                   power.

## XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,  
 The wary ‡ *Retiarius* trap'd his foe ;  
 Even so the knight, returning on him bold,  
 At once involv'd him in the *Net of Wo*,  
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.  
 Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,  
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;  
 But when he found that nothing could avail,  
 He fet him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

‡ A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over  
 his adversary.

## XLIV.



XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place  
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;  
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,  
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,  
 As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;  
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,  
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the  
                     ground :  
 Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemish'd  
                     look,  
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,  
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,  
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,  
 SIR INDUSTRY the first calm moment stole.  
 " There must, (he cry'd), amid so vast a shoal,  
 " Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
 " Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl :  
 " Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart ;  
 " Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

## XLVI.

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his side,  
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,  
 His *British* harp, its speaking strings he try'd,  
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,  
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.  
 Then, as he felt the muses come along,  
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,  
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song :  
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round  
 him throng.

## XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—

“ Ye hapless race,  
 “ Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,  
 “ That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
 “ And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway ;  
 “ What is th' ador'd SUPREME PERFECTION, say?  
 “ What, but eternal never-resting soul,  
 “ Almighty power, and all-directing day ;  
 “ By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;  
 “ Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the  
 “ whole.

## XLVIII.

XLVIII.

- " Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !  
 " Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,  
 " We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,  
 " To seraphs burning round th' ALMIGHTY'S  
     " throne,  
 " Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
 " Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.  
 " In universal nature this clear shewn,  
 " Not needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,  
 " To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyfs.

XLIX.

- " Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
 " A sight more joyous than the dead morafs ?  
 " Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
 " And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far furpass  
 " The foul November-fogs, and slumbrous mafs,  
 " With which sad nature veils her drooping face ?  
 " Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glafs,  
 " Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?  
 " The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

## L.

- " It was not by vile loitering in ease,  
" That GREECE obtain'd the brighter palm of art,  
" That soft yet ardent ATHENS learn'd to please,  
" To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
" In all supreme ! complete in every part !  
" It was not thence majestic ROME arose,  
" And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;  
" For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;  
" Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

## LI.

- " Had unambitious mortals minded nought,  
" But in loose joy their time to wear away ;  
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,  
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,  
" Rude nature's state had been our state to-day ;  
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,  
" No arts had made us opulent and gay ;  
" With brother brutes the human race had graz'd ;  
" None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,  
" none prais'd.

## LII.



## LII.

" Great HOMER's song had never fir'd the breast  
 " To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds ;  
 " Sweet MARO's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
 " Had silent slept amid the *Mincian* reeds ;  
 " The wits of modern time had told their beads,  
 " And monkish legends been their only strains ;  
 " Our MILTON's *Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds,  
 " Our SHAKESPEARE stroll'd and laugh'd with  
     " *Warwick* swains,  
 " Ne had my master SPENSER charm'd his *Mulla's*  
     " plains.

## LIII.

" Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,  
 " And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame ;  
 " Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
 " Thro' the dark depth of time their vivid flame,  
 " Had all been lost with such as have no name.  
 " Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good ?  
 " Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?  
 " Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
 " And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

## LIV.

“ But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,  
“ If right I read, you pleasure all require :  
“ Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,  
“ How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.  
“ Toil, and be glad ! let industry inspire  
“ Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !  
“ Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire  
“ In miry sloth, no pride no joy he hath :  
“ O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

## LV.

“ Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of HEAVEN,  
“ When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?  
“ How tasteless then whatever can be given ?  
“ Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
“ And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
“ Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,  
“ Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss ;  
“ While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,  
“ Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear  
“ as day.

## LVI.

LVI.

- " O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !  
 " Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind :  
 " The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
 " The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
 " In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.  
 " See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
 " As *May* comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;  
 " Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :  
 " Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-  
     " saunce breeds ?

LVII.

- " But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,  
 " Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.  
 " Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill  
 " Your talents here. This place is but a shew,  
 " Whose charms delude you to the den of wo :  
 " Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
 " Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents grow,  
 " Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,  
 " And you will bless the day that brought him to  
     " your fight.

## LVIII.

- “ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps ;  
“ To senates some, and public sage debates,  
“ Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,  
“ The world is pois’d, and manag’d mighty states ;  
“ To high discovery some, that new-creates  
“ The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;  
“ Some to the rural reign, and softer fates ;  
“ To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart :  
“ All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

## LIX.

- “ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
“ Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.  
“ All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)  
“ Even death despis’d by generous actions fair ;  
“ All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
“ Their every power dissolv’d in luxury,  
“ To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
“ And from the powerful arms of sloth get free :  
“ ’Tis rising from the dead—Alas !—It cannot be !

## LX.



LX.

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 " Of the huge threatening difficulties dire,  
 " That in the weak man's way like lions stand,  
 " His soul appall, and damp his rising fire ?  
 " Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 " Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 " Here to mankind indulg'd : controul desire :  
 " Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne  
 " Speak the commanding word,--*I will!*--and it is done.

LXI.

" Heavens ! can you then thus waste, in shameful  
     " wife,  
 " Your few important days of trial here !  
 " Heirs of eternity ! yborn to rise  
 " Through endless states of being, still more near  
 " To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,  
 " Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,  
 " Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
 " And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and  
     " slime ?  
 " No ! no !—Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the  
     " fordid crime !"

LXII.

## LXII.

" Enough ! enough !" they cry'd—strait, from the  
     croud,  
 The better sort on wings of transport fly :  
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud  
 Of *Alpine* cliffs, where to the gelid sky  
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,  
 The rays divine of vernal *Phæbus* play ;  
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,  
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new Being  
     gay.

## LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
 That lighted up these new-created men,  
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,  
 When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,  
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen :  
 How light its essence ! how unclogg'd its powers,  
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen !  
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,  
 Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

## LXIV.

## LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,  
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.  
 " Ye sons of hate ! (they bitterly exclaim'd)  
 " What brought you to this seat of peace and love ?  
 " While with kind nature, here amid the grove,  
 " We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,  
 " What to disturb it could, fell men, remove  
 " Your barbarous hearts ? Is happiness a crime ?  
 " Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heavenful-  
 " blime.

## LXV.

" Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in  
 wrath)  
 " Your happiness behold !" — Then strait a wand  
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,  
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.  
 Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand :  
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;  
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand ;  
 And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,  
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls  
 around.

## LXVI

## LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,  
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;  
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,  
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung  
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung  
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:  
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness flung,  
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night  
     controul'd  
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

## LXVII.

Mean-time a moving scene was open laid;  
 That lazarus-house, I whilom in my lay  
 Depeinted have, its horrors deep-display'd,  
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,  
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay;  
 Soon as of sacred light th'unwonted smile  
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,  
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile:  
 The sick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes  
     awhile.

## LXVIII.



LXVIII.

“ O heaven ! (they cry'd) and do we once more see  
 “ Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?  
 “ Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free ?  
 “ And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?  
 “ O thou ! or Knight, or God ! who holdest there  
 “ That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains !  
 “ But what for us, the children of despair,  
 “ Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?  
 “ Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.”

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,  
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.  
 “ Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace,  
 “ T' undo the past, and eke your broken years :  
 “ Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,  
 “ With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given  
 “ A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;  
 “ She quells the brand by which the rocks are  
     “ riven ;  
 “ She more than merely softens, she rejoices HEAVEN.

LXX.

## LXX.

“ Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn’d,  
“ And by these sufferings purify the mind ;  
“ Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn’d :  
“ Or pious die, with penitence resign’d ;  
“ And to a life more happy and refin’d,  
“ Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.  
“ Till then, you may expect in me to find  
“ One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,  
“ One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to  
“ the skies.”

## LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour’d their thanks in tears.  
“ For you (resum’d the Knight with sterner tone)  
“ Whose hard dry hearts th’ obdurate demon fears,  
“ That villain’s gifts will cost you many a groan ;  
“ In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
“ His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;  
“ Till, soft and pure as infant-goodness grown,  
“ You feel a perfect change : then, who can say,  
“ What grace may yet shine forth in heaven’s eternal  
“ day !”

## LXXII.

## LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:  
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,  
The Charities, to-wit, of rosy hue;  
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:  
When lo! a goodly hospital ascends;  
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,  
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

## LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,  
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,  
To see kind hands attending day and night,  
With tender ministry, from place to place.  
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face  
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature shades;  
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase  
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,  
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreds.

## LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,  
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,  
 Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his hall again  
 Soft-pacing, fought of peace the mossy cell:  
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,  
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;  
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,  
 And spreading wide their hands, they meek repentance  
 feign'd.

## LXXV.

But ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past:  
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild  
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;  
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.  
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;  
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;  
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,  
 Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful  
 care,  
 Whilst *Phæbus* smote them sore, and fir'd the cloud-  
 less air.

## LXXVI.



LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,  
The sadden'd country a grey waft appear'd ;  
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs  
For ever hung on drizzly *Auster's* beard ;  
Or else the ground by piercing *Gaurus* fear'd,  
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow :  
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they  
steer'd,  
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,  
Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds moe.

## LXXVII.

The first was with bafe dunghill rags yclad,  
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;  
Of morbid hue his features, funk, and fad ;  
His hollow eyne shook forth a fickly light ;  
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight ;  
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;  
Direful to fee ! an heart-appalling fight !  
Mean-time foul scurf and blotches him defile ;  
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the  
while.

## LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend :  
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :  
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd ;  
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :  
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew  
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye  
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;  
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.  
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

## LXXIX.

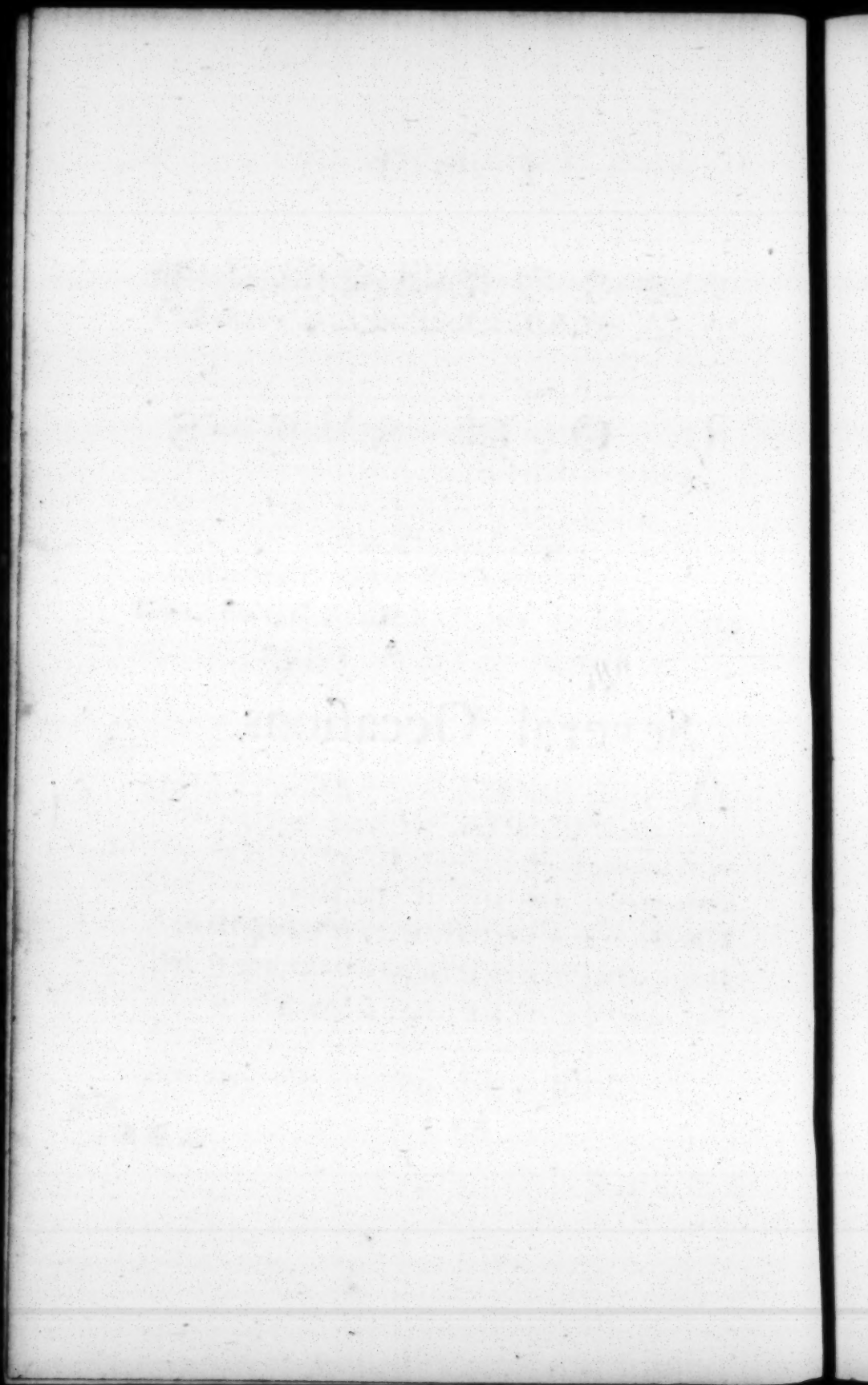
Even so through *Brentford* town, a town of mud,  
An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along ;  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :  
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting sone.

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

A a 3







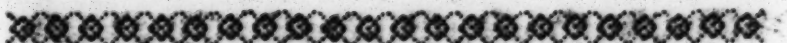
# V E R S E S

Occasioned by the

DEATH of Mr AIKMAN, a particular  
Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

**A**S those we love decay, we die in part,  
String after string is sever'd from the heart;  
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,  
Without one pang is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,  
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

O D E



## O D E.

## I.

**T**ELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;  
To what delightful world above,  
Appointed for the happy dead?

## II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
And sometimes share thy lover's wo;  
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

## III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
While under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
And every tear is full of thee;

## IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
Oh visit thou my soothing dream!



E P I T A P H

O N

MISS STANLEY.

**H**ERE, STANLEY, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,  
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.  
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,  
And sternly try thee with a year of pain :  
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:  
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,  
No more thy bosom presses down its own :  
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere :  
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm;  
To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;

T.

To show us artless Reason's moral reign,  
What boastful science arrogates in vain ;  
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part ;  
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,  
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,  
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :  
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.  
Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,  
Where death-divided friends shall part no more :  
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,  
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.







TO the REVEREND

Mr MURDOCH,

RECTOR of *Straddishall* in *Suffolk*,  
1738.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not  
fall :

Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all ;  
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife ;  
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
Then keep each passion down, however dear ;  
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,  
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace ;  
*That* bids defiance to the storms of fate :  
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A PARA-



A

## P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

LATTER PART of the Sixth Chapter  
of St. *MATTHEW*.

**W**HEN my breast labours with oppressive care,  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;  
While all my warring passions are at strife,  
O, let me listen to the words of life!  
'Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,  
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all, your scanty stores afford,  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring limbs again.  
Say,

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?  
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair——  
See the light tenants of the barren air:  
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing, that flits along the sky.  
To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,  
To him they cry, in Winter's pining reign;  
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:  
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lilly's snowy grace,  
Observe the various vegetable race;  
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
What regal vestments can with them compare!  
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,  
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;  
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?  
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?



## S O N G.

## I.

ONE day the God of fond desire,  
On mischief bent, to *Damon* said,  
Why not disclose your tender fire,  
Not own it to the lovely maid?

## II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,  
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd :  
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,  
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

## III.

The slave, in private only bears  
Your bondage, who his love conceals ;  
But when his passion he declares,  
You drag him at your chariôt-wheels.

S O N G.





S O N G.

**H**ARD is the fate of him who loves,  
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
But to the sympathetic groves,  
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,  
Oh ! when her foot-steps next are seen  
In flowery tracts along the mead,  
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
To whom the tears of love are dear,  
From dying lillies waft a gale,  
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O tell her what she cannot blame,  
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;  
Oh tell her that my virtuous flame  
Is, as her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes  
 With chaster tenderness his care,  
 Not purer her own wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear,  
 Should start at love's suspected name,  
 With that of friendship sooth her ear——  
 True love and friendship are the same.



## S O N G.

### I.

UNLESS with my *Amanda* blest,  
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower ;  
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,  
 In vain I rear the breathing flower :

### II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,  
 In vain the birds around me sing ;  
 In vain the freshening fields appear :  
*Without my love there is no spring.*

S O N G.



S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love,  
And when we meet a mutual heart,  
Come in between, and bid us part :

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish, and wish the soul away ;  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy busy still art thou,  
To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
And I absolve thy future care ;  
All other blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

B b 3

S O N G.



## S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,  
Come and possess my happy breast.  
Not fury-like in flames and fire,  
Or frantic folly's wildness drest ;

But come in friendship's angel-guise :  
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,  
More tender spirit in thy eyes,  
More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,  
With peace and pleasure void of storm,  
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,  
Put on *Amanda's* winning form.

ODE.





O D E.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,  
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,  
Blest in the full possession of thy love :

O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me !

'Tis mine, alas ! to mourn my wretched fate :

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,  
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate ;  
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws

Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare ;  
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,  
And love and song is all your pleasing care :

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,

Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame :  
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride ;  
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

To



## TO SERAPHINA.

## O D E.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,  
 Are like the false illusive light,  
 Whose flattering un auspicious blaze  
 To precipices oft betrays :  
 But that sweet ray your beauties dart,  
 Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,  
 Is like the sacred queen of night,  
 Who pours a lovely gentle light  
 Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,  
 Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,  
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd ;  
 But *Seraphina's* eyes dispense  
 A mild and gracious influence ;  
 Such as in visions angels shed  
 Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.

To

To love thee, *Seraphina*, sure  
Is to be tender, happy, pure ;  
'Tis from low passions to escape,  
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;  
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd ;  
And heaven infus'd into the mind.



ODE



## O D E

O N

## ÆOLUS'S HARP\*.

I.

Æ Thereal race, inhabitants of air,  
 Who hymn your God amid the secret grove:  
 Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,  
 And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,  
 With what soft wo they thrill the lover's heart!  
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,  
 Who dy'd for love, these sweet complainings part.

\* *Æolus's Harp* is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr *Oswald*; its properties are fully described in the *Castle of Indolence*.

III.



III.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,  
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;  
Or he the sacred Bard† ; who sat alone,  
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the song which *Zion's* children sung,  
When by *Euphrates'* stream they made their plaint ;  
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung  
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,  
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise ;  
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire  
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind,  
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,  
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,  
For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

† *Jeremiah.*

H Y M N



## H Y M N

O N

## S O L I T U D E.

**H**AIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,  
 Companion of the wise and good;  
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,  
 The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,  
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,  
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,  
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
 And still in every shape you please.  
 Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
 A lone philosopher you seem ;

Now

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.  
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,  
And warble forth your oaten strain.  
A lover now, with all the grace  
Of that sweet passion in your face:  
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume  
The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom,  
As, with her MUSIDORA, she  
(Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)  
Amid the long withdrawing vale,  
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;  
And while Meridian fervors beat,  
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat:  
But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
And the faint landscape swims away,  
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,  
The virtues of the sage, and swain;

Plain innocence, in white array'd,  
Before thee lifts her fearless head :  
Religion's beams around thee shine,  
And cheer thy glooms with light divine ;  
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;  
And rapt *Urania* sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !  
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;  
Perhaps from *Norwood's* oak-clad hill,  
When meditation has her fill,  
I just may cast my careless eyes  
Where *London's* spiry turrets rise,  
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
Then shield me in the woods again.

*End of the SECOND VOLUME.*

